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VOLUME II

PART IV

PART IV.

THE QUEBEC BATTLEFIELDS

An Appeal to History

I

The Plains of Abraham stand alone among the world's immortal battlefields, as the place where an empire was lost and won in the first clash of arms, the balance of victory was redressed in the second, and the honour of each army was heightened in both.

Famous as they are, however, the Plains are not the only battlefield at Quebec, nor even the only one that is a source of pride to the French- and English-speaking peoples. In less than a century Americans, British, French and French-Canadians took part in four sieges and five battles. There were decisive actions; but the losing side was never disgraced, and the winning side was always composed of allied forces who shared the triumph among them. American Rangers accompanied Wolfe, and French-Canadians helped Carleton to save the future Dominion; while French and French-Canadians together won the day under Frontenac, under Montcalm at Montmorency, and under Lévis at Ste. Foy.

There is no record known—nor even any legend in tradition—of so many momentous feats of arms performed, on land and water, by fleets and armies of so many different peoples, with so much alternate victory and such honour in defeat; and all within a single scene. And so it is no exaggeration of this commemorative hour, but the lasting, well-authenticated truth to say, that, take them for all in all, the fields of battle at Quebec are quite unique in universal history.

And is it not true that the year 1908 offers a unique opportunity of taking occasion by the hand to set this priceless ground apart from the catalogue of common things, and to preserve it as an Anglo-French heirloom for all time to come? An appeal to history would be most appropriate to any year within the final decade of the Hundred Years' Peace between the once-contending powers of France, the British Empire, and the United States. But 1908 is by far the best year among the ten; for it marks the 300th birthday of the Canada which has become the senior of all the oversea self-governing Dominions of the King—and under what king could we more fitly celebrate this imperishable *entente cordiale d'honneur*?



Levis, Montcalm, Wolfe.



II.

The secret instructions sent out from France in 1759 were the death-warrant of Montcalm: *La guerre est le tombeau des Montcalm* ". . .it is indispensable to keep a foothold. . . The King counts upon your zeal, courage and tenacity." Montcalm replied: ". . . I shall do everything to save this unhappy colony, or die." And he kept his word. He had already done splendid service in a losing cause; stemming the enemy's advance by three desperate rear-guard victories in three successive years. Now he stood at bay for the last time.

In June Admiral Saunders led up the St. Lawrence the greatest fleet then concentrated in any part of the world. Saunders was a star of the service even among the galaxy then renowned at sea. With him were the future Lord St. Vincent, the future Captain Cook, who made the first British chart of the River, and several more who rose to high distinction. His fleet comprised a quarter of the whole Royal Navy; and, with its convoy, numbered 277 sail of every kind. Splendidly navigated by twice as many seamen as Wolfe's 9,000 soldiers the fleet and convoy made the besiegers an amphibious force at Quebec, while also holding the River eastward against all comers.

Wolfe, worn out, half despairing, twice repulsed, at last saw his chance, the only one he might ever have. He knew that disease was wasting him away, and that he was about to stake his whole reputation on a most daring venture. And he must have felt the full poignancy of the now famous line, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave," when he repeated Gray's *Elegy* to the officers in his reconnoitring boat off Sillery Point the day before the battle. But he was a profoundly apt master of the art of war; and his undauntable spirit soared with the hope of death in victory. Planning and acting entirely on his own initiative, he crowned three nights and days of finely combined manœuvres, on land and water, over a front of thirty miles, by the consummate stratagem which placed the first of all *two-deep thin red lines* across the Plains of Abraham exactly at the favourable moment. And who that knows battle and battlefield knows of another scene and setting like this one on that 13th morning of September?

"All Nature contains no scene more fit for mighty deeds than the stupendous amphitheatre in the midst of which Wolfe was waiting to play the hero's part. For the top of the promontory made a giant stage, where his army now stood between the stronghold of New France and the whole dominion of the West. Immediately before him lay

his chosen battlefield; beyond that, Quebec. To his left lay the northern theatre, gradually rising and widening, throughout all its magnificent expanse, until the far-ranging Laurentians closed in the view with their rampart-like blue semi-circle of eighty miles. To his right, the southern theatre; where league upon league of undulating upland rolled outward to a still farther-off horizon, whose wider semi-circle, curving in to overlap its northern counterpart, made the vast mountain-ring complete. While, east and west, across the arena where he was about to contend for the prize of half a continent, the majestic River, full-charged with the right-hand force of Britain, ebbed and flowed, through gates of empire, on its uniting course between Earth's greatest Lakes and greatest Ocean. And here, too, at these Narrows of Quebec, lay the fit meeting place of the Old World with the New. For the westward river gate led on to the labyrinthine waterways of all America, while the eastward stood more open still—flung wide to all the Seven Seas."

III.

There's the call of the blood—of the best of our living, pulsing, quickening blood to-day—a call to every French and English ear—from this one ground alone; and therefore an irresistible appeal

from all the Battlefields together. The causes of strife are long since outworn and cast aside; only its chivalry remains. The meaner passions, jealousies and schemes, arose and flourished most in courts, and parliaments, and mobs, of different countries, far asunder. But the finer essence of the fatherlands was in the men who actually met in arms. And here, now and forever, are the field, the memory and the inspiration of all that is most heroic in the contending races.

From Champlain to Carleton, in many troublous times during 167 years, Quebec was the scene of fateful action for Iroquois and Huron; for French of every quarter, from Normandy and Brittany to Languedoc and Roussillon; for French-Canadians of the whole long waterway from the Lakes and Mississippi to the St. Lawrence and Atlantic; for Americans from their thirteen colonies; for all the kindred of the British Isles—English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh, Channel Islanders and Orcadians; and for Newfoundlanders, the first Anglo-Canadians, and the forerunners of the United Empire Loyalists This is our true wonder-tale of war; *and we have nothing to fear from the truth.*

Is it to be thought of that we should fail to dedicate what our forefathers have so consecrated as the one field of glory common to us all? There is

no question of barring modern progress—the energy for which we inherit from these very ancestors; and no town should ever be made a mere "show place," devoted to the pettier kinds of touristry and dilettante antiquarian delights. But Quebec has room to set aside the most typical spots for commemoration, and this on the sound business principle of putting every site to its most efficient use. So there remains nothing beyond the time and trouble and expense of making what will become *The Quebec Battlefields Park*

But no historic sites will be obscured, much less obliterated; and no incongruous features of a park will mar the appeal which the battlefields make to the historic imagination. One distinctive name is required to include the Plains and every other great war-landmark round Quebec. Wolfe's quarters were seven miles below the Plains, the point where Vauquelin made his last stand is twenty miles above. What other single name could cover all three, except *The Quebec Battlefields*, which is both self-explaining and unique? The word *Park* is a mere official designation of an administrative entity: it will never live in history or literature or everyday talk. And *The Plains of Abraham* will no more lose their name and identity in a Battlefields Park than Quebec has lost either name or identity in a Dominion of Canada

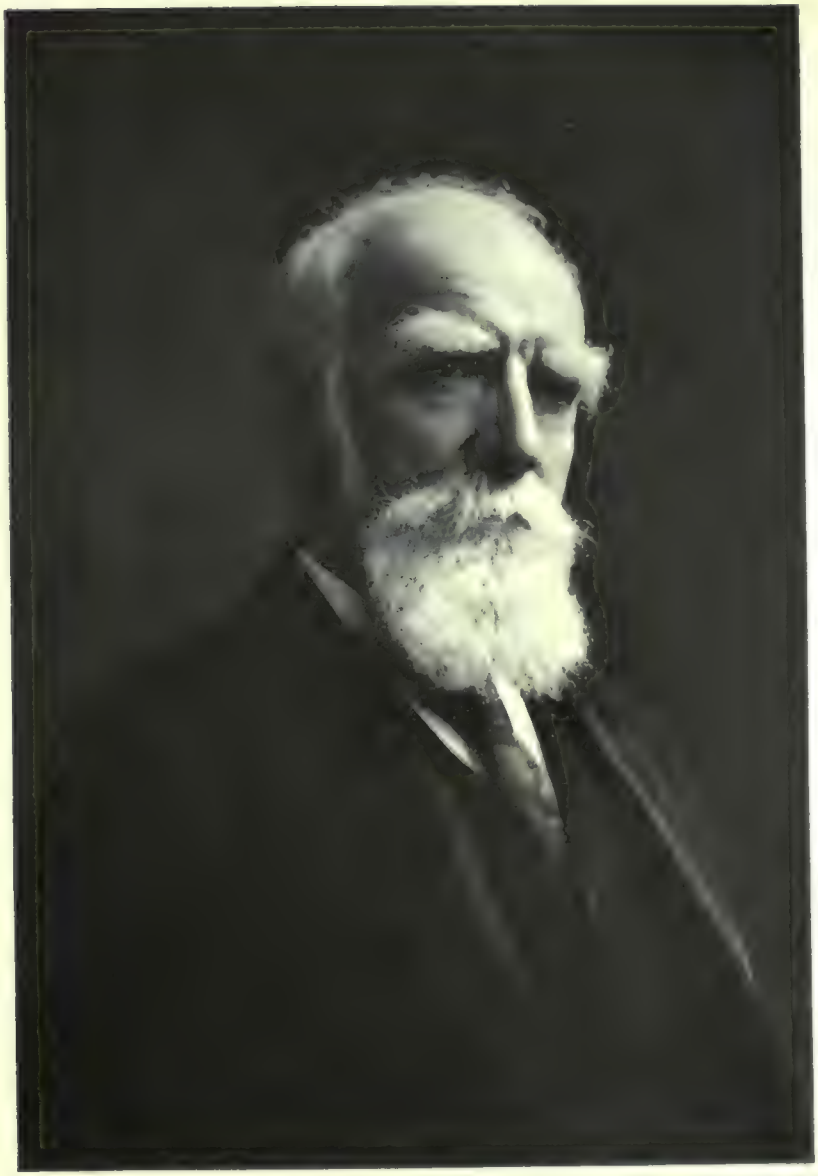
High above all, on a calm central summit of that field of double victory and fourfold glory, the Angel of Peace will stand in benediction of the scene. In her blest presence the heirs of a fame told round the world in French and English speech can dwell upon a bounteous view that has long forgotten the strange, grim face of war. But remember. She rests on a field of battle, and our own peace rests on ancestral prowess. The very ground reminds us of supreme ordeals. And though, in mere size, it is no more, to the whole vast bulk of Canada, than the flag is to a man-of-war, yet, like the flag, it is the sign and symbol of a people's soul.

This *Appeal* was first issued to the Canadian press in a special advance edition on Montcalm's birthday, the 29th of February. The movement of public opinion everywhere was carefully watched and noted during March, and the final edition, specially revised in order to clear up all possible misunderstandings, was issued on the 11th of April.

The actual movement had, as we have said, been started more than two years before, when



The Right Hon. Lord Strathcona



Lord Grey, standing beside Wolfe's monument, had declared his intention of never resting till the Battlefields were safe. This was in 1905. In 1906 Lord Grey secured the preservation of Louisburg. And at the end of 1907 he began the continuous effort on behalf of Quebec which was so ably seconded all over Canada, all over the rest of the Empire, and in France and the United States.

Interesting as it is to follow the spread of the movement through this enormous public, it must be remembered that only a comparatively small proportion of the whole mass ever takes much intelligent interest in such matters, and that, even among those who were really interested, only a very few were conversant with the final results of technical research. In the absence of conclusive evidence the Canadians of French descent would naturally be disposed to think well of Vaudreuil, who was a Canadian born, and to exalt Lévis, who won the single and barren victory of Ste. Foy, at the expense of Montcalm. Montcalm's four previous victories would go for nothing compared with the one crowning defeat, which he owed quite as much to false friends as to his foes. On the British side, most people were inclined to think of Wolfe rather as the desperate leader of a forlorn hope than as the consummate general

who planned and carried out on his own initiative a magnificent scheme of complex strategy. Very few, indeed, understood either the principles or details of the all-important co-operation of the Navy. In fact there was very general ignorance as to many of the most important considerations which made the scheme feasible. Ignorance involved misunderstanding, yet in spite of this the response of the public to the movement was sincere and widespread. Those who were interested in it had every reason to be satisfied.

The first great public meeting in Ottawa was that of the 15th January, which is referred to at the beginning of the *Appeal*. A general committee of 600 members was formed and divided into sections, all of which did good work for the Quebec Battlefields Association. The movement then spread quickly. It was taken up by the Canadian Clubs, which constituted themselves a most valuable Intelligence Department to disseminate information. The joint dinner of the representatives of all these clubs throughout the country was held in Montreal and addressed by Mr. James Bryce, the British Ambassador at Washington, whose apt words on citizenship were turned to advantage by subsequent speakers, to press home the cause of the Battlefields. All patriotic societies lent a

willing hand. Meetings were held everywhere, and branches of the Battlefields Association formed. Lectures and pamphlets were employed freely; and though some of them might have lost a little from inexactitude about the strongest points of appeal, yet they gained something through being made by local enthusiasts, who knew best how to approach their own people. The work done by the women was by no means the least effectual; in fact, they got a far greater number of ordinary private subscriptions than did the men. The good offices of all the Dominion, Provincial and Municipal governments were placed at the service of the Committees; and the Post Office conferred a very real service by carrying the regular mail of all the Branches without charge.

No agency was more generous and more useful than the press, which gave of its best in all respects. Editors opened their columns freely to the Association, and set their best men to work on writing up the subject from every point of view. A special word of praise is due to the way in which the French-Canadian papers sought to bring out the truth and dispel long-standing prejudice, which was all the more tenacious, because it was based on a travesty of the real evidence. Their collaboration was, of course, quite invaluable.

Here is an extract from *La Presse*, of Montreal, which has the largest circulation among its own people.

"L'appel fait par Lord Grey en faveur de la consécration nationale des Plaines d'Abraham a soulevé un puissant écho en Angleterre. C'est ainsi, par exemple, que le roi Edouard y est allé d'une souscription de £100 pour la réalisation du projet de Son Excellence, et que les grands journaux du Royaume-Uni n'ont qu'une voix pour acclamer le geste royal de sa Majesté.....

Le nom de Wolfe n'a laissé aucune rancune sur les bords du Saint-Laurent, et au surplus, dans le projet même de Lord Grey, son exaltation ne va pas sans un égal honneur au nom de Montcalm. La consécration nationale des plaines d'Abraham n'a rien donc qui puisse froisser le sentiment français; car la revanche subséquente prise par Lévis dans la dernière bataille sous les murs de Québec amena les préliminaires du traité de cession signés sur le champ de bataille même, préliminaires stipulant la sauvegarde de nos institutions, de notre langue et de nos lois.

Les Plaines d'Abraham ont été le suprême théâtre d'une lutte épique entre deux races qui se disputaient l'Amérique. Leur consécration nationale s'impose comme suprême cimetière de ces haines vivaces qui, trop longtemps divisèrent les

Anglais et les Français. Mais, que dans ses bronzes, dans ses inscriptions et jusque dans ses rites politiques, cette consécration dise bien, avec la solennité du serment, la vérité."

The following is from *Le Soleil,* the Liberal paper with the largest circulation in Quebec, the French-Canadian town, *par excellence.*

"La population de Québec toute entière applaudira avec enthousiasme, le magnifique projet dont le Gouverneur Général vient de se faire l'actif promoteur: créer, à l'occasion du troisième centenaire de la fondation de Québec, un parc national englobant les champs de bataille des plaines d'Abraham et de Ste-Foy.

Il saute aux yeux de tout le monde que la réalisation de ce magnifique projet serait pour notre ville un nouveau fleuron à sa couronne et ferait de Québec un lieu de pèlerinage historique d'un attrait exceptionnel.

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Il ne saurait y avoir de discussion possible sur l'excellence de ce projet, d'une portée si nationale et dont Québec doit être la première à profiter.

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L'exemple donné par le Roi Edouard est une garantie certaine de succès."

The Anglo-Canadian press took up the scheme in a spirit of equal generosity, and showed the greatest enthusiasm in carrying it through. Papers which are generally as far apart as is the Montreal *Star* from the Toronto *News* now vied with each other on the same side. As Quebec and Montreal are rival ports, and differ in politics and many other things, the exceptionally whole-hearted way in which the *Star* threw itself into the work is deserving of more than an ordinary share of the general thanks.

Like everything else worth having, this project was indeed not free from all criticism. There were even wilful misrepresentations, recriminations and backbitings. But they had no solid public support, and were decidedly the exceptions that proved the rule.

There was another power in the land that could have done much to make or mar the whole undertaking. In a country like Canada, in which there are many English-speaking Roman Catholics, and in which there is scarcely a handful of French-Canadian Protestants, the support of the Pope was of great importance. Consequently, the following open letter from Mgr. Sbaretti, the Apostolic Delegate, to the Governor-General produced an excellent effect:

"The project which Your Excellency has conceived and the work you have undertaken of converting the two famous battlefields of the Plains of Abraham and of Ste. Foy into a national park, appeals to my heartiest commendation and support,—appeals to me both as an admirer of the Canadian people and as a Bishop of the Catholic Church and the representative of the Holy See in this country

"The events which these battlefields recall have for us Catholics a deeper and even more important meaning. In the all-wise designs of Divine Providence they were destined for the protection of our Church against the persecution and tyranny of oppressors old and new, and for the maintenance of her sacred rights under the beneficent folds of the English flag. The Canadian Hierarchy and the Catholic people have on many solemn occasions and in no equivocal manner by word and deed, shown how much they appreciate this recognition and guarantee of their rights. The National Park will be a perpetual reminder to future generations of their debt of gratitude and loyalty to the British Crown."

The Anglicans, Presbyterians and other religious bodies were all equally full of sympathy, Some of the Canadian Bishops going to the Pan-Anglican

Conference at Lambeth took care to post themselves on the subject before sailing. With other leaders they felt, and rightly, that the dedication of the Battlefields was a recognition of national worth and service, of something which, like religion, lifted a people above the merely material point of view. And even those among them who would be least inclined to advocate anything which savoured of the

> Heathen heart which puts its trust
> In reeking tube and iron shard

would willingly have subscribed to the sentiments of an article, called "The Sending of Peace," which appeared in one of Ontario's most Protestant papers:

"One reason why the nationalization of the Quebec battlefields should be undertaken is to provide the country with a place of national remembrance. Canada can scarcely exist as a country without national monuments. A period of transportation, agriculture, and commercial development does not give much time to the discussion of art and national ideals. As a consequence, Canadians are sometimes described as money-mad, as interested in trivial things, and as caring neither for the past nor the future, if only the pres-

ent will give them a place in business near the top and the finest house in the neighborhood..... ... But while material things must bulk largely in Canada for many years to come, if the foundations of the country are to be well laid, it is just as certain that no loyal Canadian is willing to see Canada other than a country animated by the highest national spirit. A people may be rich in material things and yet poor in everything worth having. The greatest possessions which Canada has are her history and the traditions inherited from two of the foremost countries of the world. To consecrate the Plains of Abraham and the battlefield of Ste. Foy as a national memorial is an act which would fittingly symbolize the value placed by Canada on heroism, the genius of colonization, and on national life. The ideal needs space and opportunity to grow in Canada.....

"While this generation of Canadians has been busy about material things, building railways and seeding land, we can depend on the story of Wolfe and Montcalm, and on the plateau above the St. Lawrence, to soften our reputation as a nation of materialists. Therefore let Canada consecrate the Quebec battlefields in the name of peace."

The result of the appeal to Canada was, all things considered, a triumphant success. The

many obstacles—shortness of time, ignorance of some of the strongest points, prejudice in certain quarters, apathy in others, and the all-pervading hurry of business life, which so engrosses men in mere motion that they get impatient with anything which reminds them of the whence or whither—all these had to be reckoned with. But, in spite of such drawbacks, a good start was made with about half a million dollars. The two Provinces of Quebec and Ontario headed the list with a hundred thousand each, and appointed their Commissioners. Sir James Whitney performed a splendid public service, and one which required equal courage and insight, when he led Ontario (and Ontario led all her sister Provinces—even Quebec), in voting her $100,000. The other Provinces each contributed, and were followed by several towns and large business institutions. The general public did its share and the collectors, naturally, did double service, and did it well. The Canadian Club of Edmonton deserves to be remembered as the first club of the kind to give its fellows a lead.

The other contributors were the Mother Countries of France and the British Isles, the rest of Greater Britain, and the United States. As was only natural, the two foreign Powers did not send government subscriptions to the Battle-



The Premier of Ontario and the Premier of Quebec

The Premier of Ontario and the Premier of Quebec



fields, but Special Envoys and Naval contingents to the Tercentenary. Many of their citizens, however, subscribed as individuals. New Zealand, ever to the front in Imperial patriotism, sent a generous contribution from no less than 46,922 school children. Other amounts came in from every quarter of the Empire; though, as might have been expected, the British Isles were next to Canada herself, the most deeply interested of all. The King led the subscription list with the gift of £100, followed every development with close attention, and set the stamp of his approval on the whole scheme by sending the Prince of Wales to represent him at Quebec. The other members of the Royal Family took great interest in forwarding the work of enlisting public support; and while two of them were active Vice-Patrons, a third joined the Committee of the Battlefields Association. Quite apart from the spirit of public service, which is the main motive of their lives, and apart from the intrinsic value of a scene of action where a third of the Empire was brought under the British Crown, it was quite natural that the Royal Family should take an exceptional personal interest in Quebec. Eleven of their number have been there, some of them more than once. Among them are three sovereigns, William IV, Edward VII, and George V. Queen Victoria's

father, the Duke of Kent, passed three happy years there. Her son, the Duke of Connaught, paid several visits there during his tour of Canadian service. Her daughter, the Princess Louise, made her favourite vice-regal residence there during her husband's whole term of office. Then, too, George III did a great deal for the Anglican Cathedral; and George II had been, with William Pitt, a real moving spirit in planning Wolfe's campaign. Then again, had not Quebec been another, and much more curious, cause of strife between the crowns of France and England, in a previous century, when Charles I held it three years in pledge for the dowry of his Queen, Henrietta Maria, who was the French King's sister?

Vice-Royalty came forward as freely as Royalty itself. A circular letter, asking many leading men to form a committee, was sent out over the signatures of all the living ex-Governors-General of Canada. The five names were:—Argyll, Lansdowne, Derby, Aberdeen and Minto. The gist of the letter is contained in the two following paragraphs:—

"The 'Plains of Abraham,' where Wolfe and Montcalm fell on the same day, are at present disfigured by buildings totally unworthy of one of the finest sites in the world. It is proposed to

purchase the land comprised in this battlefield, and to convert it into a great public park.

"It appears to us that the present occasion offers a unique opportunity to England of participating in the Canadian tercentenary celebrations. We would suggest that this participation should take the shape of a gift to Canada of a national memorial to Wolfe and Montcalm, the two heroes of the two races which make up the Canadian people. Such a gift might appropriately be handed by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to the Governor-General of Canada on behalf of Great Britain on the occasion of his visit to Quebec to open the park in July next."

A few days later there was a great meeting at the Mansion House, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, supported by H. R. H. Prince Arthur of Connaught, who was intimately acquainted with the Battlefields, Lord Crewe, Secretary of State for the Colonies, Lord Roberts, Lord Strathcona, Admiral Sir Archibald Douglas (an old Quebecer), le Comte de Lastours (representing the French Ambassador) the Bishop of London, and many other influential people. Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour and Lord Wolseley, being unable to attend, sent letters of regret, expressing the strongest sympathy with the scheme, which thus

enjoyed the goodwill of the two most recent leaders of the Imperial Parliament and the two most recent Commanders-in-chief of the Imperial Army.

Lord CREWE, who was cordially received, moved the first resolution, which was in the following terms:—"That this meeting expresses its hearty concurrence with the Canadian movement to dedicate the Heights of Abraham at Quebec as a national park, in memory of the great leaders who fell there, and heartily supports the proposal to present, on behalf of the people of Britain, a memorial to Wolfe and Montcalm as a birthday gift to Canada."

LORD ROBERTS, who was received with loud cheers, seconded the resolution. He said:—I cannot imagine a memorial better calculated to stir the public mind to a sense of true patriotism than that which is being organized in memory of those gallant spirits, Wolfe and Montcalm. (Cheers). . . . Looked at from the purely military point of view, the Quebec campaign is of absorbing interest. It is almost unsurpassed as an example of a combined naval and military operation, though I doubt whether it is commonly realized what a vitally important part the Fleet played, and how nobly they played it. (Cheers). Think also of the moral courage with which Wolfe, whose force

had known severe defeats at Montmorency barely six weeks before, trusted those same troops in one of the most daring throws for victory recorded in history. (Cheers). Then again, when Wolfe found himself at last with his small force, some 5,000 strong, on the Plains of Abraham, he did not hesitate to try an absolute innovation in military formations on the actual battlefield itself; for, finding it necessary to occupy a certain extent of ground, so as to prevent any danger of an enveloping attack, he formed up his infantry for the first time in history, so far as I know, only two deep—the prototype of "the thin red line" that was to become so famous in the Peninsula under Wellington. (Cheers). Think also of the splendid discipline with which that thin line obeyed Wolfe's orders to delay opening fire, and stood in the open, immovable in spite of the losses they were suffering, until finally, when the French columns were only 40 yards distant, Wolfe himself gave the word to fire. The single volley that followed shattered the French formation and decided the destiny of Canada. (Cheers). The whole sequence of events makes a page in history which cannot fail to stir one's feelings and make one proud to be of the same nationality as the actors in that scene. (Cheers). On the other side we see the dauntless spirit of Montcalm, determined

to obey the instructions of his King, and to defend the colony to the last, although he had failed, thanks to the machinations of his fellow-countrymen in Canada, to convince that King of the urgent necessity for sending him reinforcements. Surely, I am not wrong in saying that the closing scenes of these two men's lives is a perpetual reminder to us of the true value of patriotism. (Cheers). I cannot help thinking that modern Canada, born, so to speak, on September 13th, 1759, has consciously or unconsciously inherited that same spirit of patriotism."

H. R. H. Prince Arthur of Connaught then moved, seconded by the Bishop of London:— "That it is desirable that local committees should be formed to co-operate with the central committee in collecting subscriptions towards the present to be handed by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales from Great Britain to the Canadian people on the occasion of the dedication of the Heights of Abraham."

Both resolutions were carried unanimously; and the sum of ten thousand pounds raised by this means was presented to Canada by the Prince of Wales on the Plains of Abraham in July.

This great meeting at once brought the Motherland into direct touch with the kindred work in Canada. Fortunately for both countries, the

Canadian High Commissioner was Lord Strathcona, who is distinguished as being not a single, nor even a double, but actually a triple link—and an historical link which is yet most efficiently alive—between such different times, places and affairs of Imperial significanec to Canada: between the long-established Hudson Bay Company and the young Confederation, between the full-grown Dominion and the British Isles, and between three generations of Old- and New-World men. He gave the movement the full benefit of his close personal attention. He threw his office open to all its correspondence in London. He came out to the Celebration in Quebec, where he was a distinguished figure among even the most distinguished leaders of to-day, and where he was acknowledged first among those whose still unfinished careers have been longest at work in shaping the destinies of Canadian history.

Meanwhile, the work of arousing public interest and informing public opinion had been steadily proceeding since the beginning of the year. The press, society, patriotic institutions, universities, colleges, schools, corporations, firms, and the Army and Navy, had all taken up the project in the right spirit. Harrow was first among the great schools—every single boy subscribed, and Eton followed the lead with a still heavier sub-

scription. The Victoria League was particularly active, both at headquarters and throughout all its many branches. The "laureate of Empire," Mr. Rudyard Kipling, wrote this short but vigorous appeal:—

"In every nation's life there comes a breathing-space, when it is allowed to look back discerningly across the years that went to its making; to behold, in orderly perspective, the impetuous march of events which baffled or beat down the men who moved against them; to draw, it may be, fresh hope and resolute faith for the future from such a vision. Canada has reached this experience first among the new nations within the Empire. Time now shows the meaning of the struggle for the northern continent which her two races fought out so long, so brilliantly and with such changing fortune. Those who realize her destiny realize how great and tried a soul was needed to fill and carry forward the great land: nor could such a soul have been brought into life by any easier road than that between the sword's edge and the wilderness. It was tempered by equal strife and privation, proven by allied valour and combined statecraft that, after these tests, it might stand forth one in purpose as in service.

"Recognizing this, Canada proposes to match the

tercentenary of the great French explorer Champlain by beautifying and dedicating to national use, in perpetuity, those historic battlefields above Quebec where French and English arms met, though they knew it not, for a common end.

"The Governor-General's appeal shows that much must be done before the battlefields are returned to their fitting dignity. When this has been made possible the intention is to create there a public park which, from its position, will be of wonderful beauty, and will be charged, moreover, with significance and inspiration beyond almost any spot in the Empire so profoundly affected by the issue it commemorates. The story of Montcalm and Wolfe is known and taught in all our lands. It was not for Canada alone that Wolfe fell, or for the British Isles only that Captain Cook charted the shoals of the St. Lawrence in advance of the waiting fleet. Australia's fate, New Zealand's and, to some extent, India's, were determined on the Heights of Abraham. Quebec, the mother-city of the North, held the keys both to the new South and the old East.

"At the time, men ever seemed to strive singly and piecemeal for little more than barren possession of scattered outposts and factories. The years which hide their graves reveal to us what earth-girdling designs they really undertook; what sure

foundations of new States they raised out of the ruins that buried them: above all, what tradition of ungrudged effort and unswerving aim they imposed upon their children. Surely we who succeed to their labours the world over and work not for any remote dream but for a living and present empire should join with Canada to honour the dead through whose prevision and sacrifices we are helped to live nationally and imperially; from whose example we, as men and women, may take strength for the coming day and for whatever burden that day shall require."

The London press were early in the field, heading the subscription lists themselves, urging the public to follow the King's generous example, instructing it on the significance of the celebration, and keeping it well informed of every move on either side of the water. Mr. Garvin's stirring leader in *The Daily Telegraph* was the first and perhaps the most eloquent expression of English sympathy. The provincial, Scotch and Irish press did their share. *The Times* may be taken as typical of the higher journalistic treatment of the subject. It began with an excellent leader, in December, on the singular coincidence that Lord Curzon should have been unveiling a memorial to Clive

in London at the very time that Lord Grey was appealing for a memorial to Wolfe in Canada. This article concluded with a reference to Pitt, which was repeated in other articles in *The Times* and many other papers later on. "Next year, the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Pitt—master and greatest of all this band of heroes whom he inspired—we shall be paying but a small part of a just debt, if we help to commemorate more permanently his two greatest coadjutors, Clive and Wolfe." That was imperially said. Perhaps Pitt was kept in the background lest his dominating figure might seem too much like the re-incarnation of the spirit of Franco-British strife. But certainly no unworthy idea of British self-assertiveness ever entered the heads of the many in the Mother Country and the few in Canada and the United States who thought of Pitt as the really supreme genius of the scene, and who would have liked his name, at all events, more intimately associated with the commemoration. Nor could anything have better expressed the hearty British admiration really felt for French prowess than *The Times* leader of the 16th of May on the Mansion House meeting of the day before.

In this leader *The Times* also referred to a couple of able and very sympathetic articles it was then

publishing on the Battlefields by the Hon. John Fortescue, the historian of the British Army, and to the following letter, by a member of the Headquarters Committee in Quebec, which it had published on the eve of the meeting:—

The Quebec Battlefields: L'Entente Cordiale D'Honneur.

In view of the Mansion-house meeting on the 15th, generous-minded Britons might like to be reminded that the Quebec battlefields are a much stronger—though a more misunderstood—factor in the *entente cordiale* than they are commonly supposed to be.

Wolfe's famous victory was decisive only because he was the consummate leader of a great landing-party in the world-wide "Maritime War." And France lost Canada, not because Montcalm was an inferior general, but because grandpaternalism was unworkable at a distance of 3000 miles of sea, because the Canadian Government was rotten to the core, and because a good French army had no effective fleet to back it. There is a very different tale to tell when we come to soldiership pure and simple. Frontenac, the hero of many other fights, beat Phips and his New England armada in 1690. Montcalm won his fourth Canadian victory when he repulsed Wolfe at Mont-

morency; and he might have been spared defeat on the Plains of Abraham if he had not been so thwarted in command by a spiteful Governor and so drained of resources by a knavish Intendant. Lévis made a splendid forced march from Montreal next year, and redressed the balance of victory on the Plains by beating Murray; while Vauquelin covered his ultimate retreat by an equally gallant naval action on the St. Lawrence. And in 1775, when Carleton saved Canada from the second American invasion, there were French-Canadians doing as good service, and in the same cause, under this Englishman, as they did under the Frenchman, Frontenac, or under the French-Canadian, de Salaberry, at Châteauguay in the war of 1812, when repulsing the third American invasion. Altogether, in the five battles round Quebec, the Britons have two victories to their credit and the French three, while the French-Canadians shared the glory of no less than four.

It is thus quite clear that there is nothing to gloss over, that no inter-racial amenities are needed, except full and frank recognition of the good soldiership displayed on both sides, and that the whole question of the Quebec Battlefields is emphatically one in which there is nothing to fear from the truth."

This letter, like *The Times* leader and many other articles in the press of the Mother Country, was quoted with strong approval by the principal French-Canadian papers.

There were also a good many special articles dealing with various points of the subject. *The Navy League Journal* reviewed the *Appeal* most appreciatively. *The Morning Post*, under the heading of *The Conquest of Canada: Difficulties of Historians*, laid due stress on the Naval part of the Quebec campaign, and showed how grossly it had been neglected:—"Few of the more significant episodes in the world's annals have been so inaccurately described by historians who are popularly regarded as standard authorities." *The Times* gave an interesting note on *The Quebec Medals:*— "In the long and extensive series of medals, in gold, silver and bronze, struck in this country to commemorate important events in English history, none exceeds in interest at the present moment, when the celebrations at Quebec are so prominently before the public, the medal issued in celebration of the surrender of that historic Canadian city on September 18, 1759. This medal was executed in silver and bronze by Thomas Pingo—an Italian who came to England in or about 1745, and was appointed assistant engraver to the Mint—under the direction of the

Society for Promoting Arts and Commerce. On the front of the medal, which, it may be noted in passing, is somewhat rare, is a figure of Britannia, with the name of the commander of the British Fleet, Sir Charles Saunders, inscribed under the trident, and that of Wolfe under the standard. On the back is a figure of Victory, with conventional attributes, in the act of crowning a trophy of captured French arms, below which is a seated captive. The medal is inscribed, "Quebec taken, MDCCLIX."

The second medal connected with the same historical event is that struck immediately after the death of General Wolfe, whose portrait fills the obverse. A monument crowned with a laurel wreath, its base appropriately inscribed "Pro Patria," and erected amidst a large group of arms and standards, forms the suitable device on the reverse of the medal. It is also engraved with a Latin inscription signifying "Slain in the moment of victory," and the date. It was produced jointly by Isaac Gosset, a descendant of a French Huguenot family, and the inventor of a composition of wax in which he modelled portraits of members of the Royal Family of England and many prominent persons of the time, and by the medallist John Kirk, a pupil of Dassier. This medal unlike that executed by Pingo, is fairly common.

A brief reference must not be omitted to the interesting silver and bronze medal, issued by the French Government in 1690 as a memorial of the "attack on Quebec" in October, 1690, when the small-pox compelled the withdrawal of the English troops before the actual attack was made. This medal, which was executed by the Paris medallist, Jean Mauger, depicts on the obverse a bust of Louis XIV., and on the reverse a symbolical figure of Quebec seated on a rock, surrounded by the captured standards of England, with emblems of Canada. The Latin inscriptions signify, "France victorious in the New World," and "Quebec delivered, 1690."

These historic medals are naturally the most interesting of those connected with Quebec. Such they always will be, unless Quebec again becomes a world's field of battle. A feat of arms is always greater than any commemoration of it. But the celebration of 1908 well deserved souvenirs of its own, and collectors of the future will be eager to get the Tercentenary medal. It is a well-designed one, three inches in diameter, of which there are only six in gold, only one in silver, and a limited number in bronze. All were for presentation. The design is by Mr. E. E. Taché, I.S.O.; the engraving by M. Henri Dubois. The obverse shows Champlain landing, with his sword so held, hilt upward,

that it appears cruciform. On the other side is a maple tree, with two female figures underneath, to represent the French and British *régimes*. The main legend is in the centre, *Dieu aidant l'œuvre de Champlain;* on the left, *Née sous les Lis*, and on the right, *A grandi sous les Roses*.

Canada did not forget to commemorate the celebration in its stamps as well as in this special medal. The following "Circular to Postmasters" was issued from the Post Office Department, Canada, Postage Stamp Branch, Ottawa, July 10, 1908:—"1608–1908. *Tercentenary Series of Postage Stamps*. The Postmaster-General, desirous of meeting what appears to be a popular wish, has made arrangements for a special series of postage stamps wherewith to mark the three-hundredth anniversary of the founding of Quebec by Champlain. The stamps of this special series, which will be known as the Tercentenary Series, and the issue of which will begin about the 15th July inst., consist of eight denominations, which, with their respective subjects, are as follows:—½c., Prince—Princess of Wales; 1c., Cartier—Champlain; 2c., King—Queen; 5c., "L'Abitation de Quebecq"; 7c., Montcalm—Wolfe; 10c., Quebec in 1700; 15c., "Partement pour l'ouest" (Champlain setting out for the West); 20c., Arrivée de Cartier—Québec, 1535 (Arrival of Cartier—Quebec, 1535). The

stamps of the Tercentenary Series will be available for all postage purposes, and are, therefore, unless the ordinary postage stamps are specially asked for, to be sold instead of the latter." This was a graceful and effective act on the part of the Postmaster-General, the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, well known as the joint author of what he so happily called the "intellectual preference" in postage between Canada and the mother country.

In England it was only natural that local commemorations should be devoted almost entirely to Wolfe; and, vying with the press, the civil and military public delighted in doing him honour. His own regiment remembered him to good purpose:—

"In the 'History of the Lancashire Fusiliers' (XXth Regiment), by Major B. Smyth, M.V.O., it is stated that Wolfe was gazetted on January 5, 1749, and joined the regiment at Stirling early in February. At that time his pay as a major was only £15 a month; whereas his ordinary weekly expenses for horses, servants, washing, lodging, and diet were not less than £3 10s. a week. He reckoned that he had 1s. 1d. a day for what is termed pocket-money—not a munificent sum for a field officer to spend upon himself and to make liberal subscriptions to local charities. He justly stated that 'without extravagance, he

could easily find use for more.' The XXth was the only regiment which Wolfe commanded.

"At a meeting of officers representing all the battalions of the Lancashire Fusiliers, and including Major H. V. S. Ormond commanding the depôt at Bury, and Major B. Smyth, M.V.O., held in Manchester on July 22nd, 1908 (the day on which the Prince of Wales landed in Quebec), it was resolved to send a subscription to the 'Wolfe and Montcalm Memorial Fund.'

A tablet bearing the inscription, *Here lived General Wolfe, b.* 1727, *d.* 1759, was unveiled at No. 5, Trim Street, Bath, where Wolfe was living with his mother when he received the King's orders to "attack and reduce Quebec." And the same day that the Prince of Wales was dedicating the Battlefields at Quebec a most representative congregation assembled for a memorial service in the parish church of St. Alphege at Greenwich, where Wolfe was buried on the same day that Hawke was winning, in Quiberon Bay, the naval counterpart to the Battle of the Plains. His Majesty the King was represented by Field Marshal Sir George White, the hero of Ladysmith. The Army, the Navy, the Canadian Militia and the Civil Service were all represented by distinguished members; and, sitting together in the

centre of the church, were representative officers from every regiment that had served under Wolfe at Quebec. Bishop Taylor Smith, Chaplain-General to the Forces, read the special lesson from Ecclesiasticus XLIV:—*Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begat us.* The *Recessional* was sung to the tune of *Eternal Father, strong to save.* How significantly the full import of the fourth line must have come home to those who thought of Pitt and Clive and Wolfe together!

> God of our fathers, known of old,
> Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
> Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
> *Dominion over palm and pine—*

The Archbishop of Toronto preached the memorial sermon from the text:—*I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith.* Then, after the singing of the National Anthem, came what was perhaps the most moving incident in the whole of that profoundly moving scene. The Union Jack had been laid over the spot where Wolfe lies buried, and on the flag a wreath of laurel, as befitted a hero's fame. There, drawn up round this sacred spot, stood the massed buglers of the Brigade of Guards. Just when the final hush was at its depth, they suddenly thrilled it through and through with

the long-drawn, lamenting clarion of the *Last Post*—that last, parting call, which has sounded over the graves of so many soldiers of the Empire, far and near, during all these centuries of a Service faithful unto death.

Now, to return to Canada, Quebec, and the preparations for the Tercentenary. At the beginning of March Sir Wilfrid Laurier announced to Parliament that the Prince of Wales would land at Quebec on the 22nd of July and spend a week there as the personal representative of His Majesty the King. Instantly, all the preparations sprang into new life. The time had been alarmingly shortened; for the general expectation was that, once the celebration had been deferred beyond Champlain's own day, the 3rd of July, it would probably be postponed till September. But the change was unavoidable, owing to the other Royal engagements; and it was accepted at Quebec in the proper spirit. All the managing committees hastened on their work with a right good will at once, and the fact of their feeling that every move they made now must be a decisive one was, on the whole, rather a gain than a loss.

The Tercentenary was not open to quite the same misunderstanding as the Battlefields; but it was intricate enough. Two foreign powers, France and the United States; eleven Canadian governing

bodies—the Dominion, the nine Provinces, and the City of Quebec, and the whole of the rest of the self-governing Empire were to be duly represented. There were many bi-lingual committees—general, special and executive—which sat continually to deal with a multiplicity of vexed questions. The outcome of their labours speaks volumes for the harmony which prevailed in their councils. More than this, provision had to be made for three fleets of three Great Powers, for the first approximation to a complete Canadian army ever brought together in time of peace, for an influx of visitors outnumbering the entire native population, for the representatives of the three historic empires, of all the great historic families, of the historic places connected with Quebec, of the British Army, of many other interested bodies and, finally, of the King himself. Everything to be completed in four short months of intense preparation, where a single mistake might ruin all!

The Governor-General, the National Battlefields Commission and the Quebec Committees were, however, equal to the task.

At last, Lord Grey had the satisfaction of seeing the fruit of all his strenuous labour actually ripening under his eye. For those who saw the actual working out of the whole scheme no words can be too strong to express what is due to Lord Grey

for the unremitting and strenuous work which he devoted to it. A year before he and Sir Wilfrid Laurier had united the Tercentenary with the Battlefields, no short or easy thing to do. Two years before he had taken up the Tercentenary as heartily as any Quebecer. Three years before he had formed the determination to save the Battlefields. There was no detail too small for him, no great result too difficult to strive for. It was the same with the actual preparations on the spot. The Vice-Regal party was out on the Pageant grounds for every rehearsal, as visibly anxious for success as any participant could be. Quebecers could not help feeling the strain which the celebration imposed on their time and attention, and the consequent sef-sacrifice it demanded from them. But to counterbalance this was the fact that the Governor-General, always a busy man in many other directions—a man bound to give of his best to all the different provinces, cities, classes, races, creeds and publics of this vast Dominion, was busy, too, day after day, as he had been for years in the same cause, speaking, writing, persuading, counselling, urging, and always forwarding the various elements of success towards the one goal. Some people, who were too much in the thick of these very diverse preparations to be able to see the wood for the trees, could not

believe that he would succeed in producing order out of such chaos; yet order out of chaos he did produce. Sympathetic driving-power was what was needed, and it was this which he supplied. He was the heart of the whole undertaking and kept the life-blood pulsing through it from first to last.

Not that any disparagement is meant to his predecessors, who would gladly have worked in the same cause. Lord Dufferin saved the walls of Quebec from some of her heedless sons who were ready to sell their birthright in her glory for any mess of pottage. The Princess Louise and the Duke of Argyll felt and made others feel what the spell of an historic city might mean to Canada. Lord Minto, as we have seen, was always a convinced and convincing advocate of the nationalisation of the Battlefields. But the great opportunity never came till 1908, when, happily for Canada, she had two other men who were fit to take it greatly. Lord Grey and Sir Wilfrid Laurier undoubtedly had the power, both singly and together, of making or marring the conservation project, the Tercentenary and the combination of the two; and, to their lasting honour, they made them, and they made them well.

Next to Lord Grey and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, credit is due to the National Battlefields Commis-



The National Battlefields Commission

Sir Edmund Walker Hon. A. Turgeon Lieut.-Col. Denison



sion and the Executive and General Committees in Quebec. These bodies had distinct functions; but all worked together and all had the same chairman, Sir George Garneau, the Mayor of Quebec. The Commission was composed of five members nominated by the Governor-General-in-Council, under the authority of the Act of Parliament already noticed, and of two additional members, one from each of the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario, which had subscribed the requisite $100,000 to the Battlefields. This Commission was the body responsible to the Dominion and, as we have seen already, was constituted to care for the Quebec and all the other National Battlefields in perpetuity. While keeping the respective finances entirely distinct, it managed the Tercentenary, as being the temporary celebration during which the Battlefields scheme was to be inaugurated. In doing so it depended chiefly on the General Committee in Quebec, which decentralised the work in special committees, or combined it in its executive, according to circumstances. There were a few paid secretaries; but all the rest of the work was done gratis, and all of it ungrudgingly and well. It should not be forgotten that 1908 was not the first but the third year of continual session, in general, special and executive committee.

The multifarious nature of the preparations

"Canada to-day, exultant over a heritage of lands outstretching any other in our world-wide Empire, exultant over their limitable riches, above ground and below; exultant, too, and with better cause, over the abounding vigour of her home-grown breed of pioneer, and over her native strength of dike and chanel, to turn the inrushing human tide into many purifying streams before it floods her waiting wilderness—this Canada, even to-day, can only draw the full depth of inspiration for her future from the glories of that past which is the very source of all her being.

"And what a past is ours! Measured by mere lapse of time it is the longest in the experience of any of the self-governing dominions oversea; measured by its years of crowded life the most intensely interesting; and by its moving incidents the most romantic of them all. Through both *régimes* fortune has led us to be always first: in discovery, in settlement, in many wars, in parliaments, and in confederation. We are no new-transplanted stock; but scion of deep-rooted generations, each working out its own well-wrought career, yet all of them inevitably tending to unite free parts within a growing nation, and, in its turn, this, with other free and equal nations, within a free and guardian Empire.

"And, wherever we go, some landmark reminds

us who preceded or begat us. Norseman and Basque; Indian of mountain, wood or plain; French of the old *régime;* French-Canadian as *coureur as bois* and *voyageur, seigneur* or simple *habitant;* British Islander of every kin, United Empire Loyalist, and Anglo-Canadian born and bred; explorer, trader, missionary, priest; soldier and sailor; statesman and orator; and the first promise of author, artist, and the man of science—each has left landmarks to tell their story to all who listen understandingly.

"What is a landmark? *A landmark is anything preservable, essentially connected with great acts or person that once stirred our life and still stir our memory.* It may be a monument set up by pious hands; a building, a ruin, or a site; a battlefield or fort; a rostrum or a poet's walk; any natural object; any handiwork of man; or even the mere local habitation of a legend or a name. But, whatever the form, its spirit makes every true landmark a talismanic heirloom, only to be lost to our peril and our shame.

"And now, as we begin our work, in this tercentennial year of Canada's foundation, we find our first opportunity in the proposed dedication of the greatest of all of our landmarks, that world-famous site where form and spirit, heirloom and talisman are blent, in complete perfection, on

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the fields of battle at Quebec. Here stood seven undauntable champions: Champlain, Frontenac, Montcalm, Wolfe, Murray, Lévis, Carleton. Here —unique in universal history—lies the one scene of so many mighty conflicts, which changed the destinies of empires, but ever maintained the honour of all who met in arms. Here Americans shared the triumph of one victory, British-born of two, French of three, and French-Canadians of no less than four. And here and now is the time and place for "Landmarkers," all over the Dominion, to unite in spreading knowledge, arousing enthusiasm, concentrating interest, and increasing the Battlefields Fund started by our Visitor, the Governor-General, supported by our Honorary President, the Prime Minister, and approved by His Majesty the King.

"On the third day of this July we enter the fourth century of Canadian life. Most have the overmastering desire to make our country rich: and rightly—just so far as riches make strength. But remember that our business depends on energy inherited and transformed; that warriors, statesmen and divines made Canada Canadian; that all nations decay who fail in arms and art; and that we are now particularly apt to mistake comfort for civilisation. We want no dead hand's constricting grip, no landmark's bar to real progress—

for landmarks themselves are signs of progress. But our Canada does need the exalting touch of every landmark that bears a living message, and that she can keep either in substance or in souvenir; lest, seeking the whole mere world of riches, she lose her own soul."

Now to hark back once more, and for the last time, in order to gather up all the threads of this rather complex subject. We saw how the Battlefields and Tercentenary had been successfully united at the end of 1907, and a great celebration planned for the appropriate year, 1908. But everyone felt that something more was needed, some central feature to strike the imagination and bring the historical significance of this celebration home to the public in a tangible and attractive form.

Then, by a natural but happy inspiration, it was decided to have a Pageant—the first of its kind ever held in the New World and the greatest ever held anywhere. It took a full year to prepare the Oxford Pageant. The Quebec one was planned and organized in four months. Let anyone who has ever managed amateur theatricals imagine what it meant to raise and train 5000 amateurs for a performance the like of which had never been seen before in Canada. Fortunately, very fortun-

ately, the London Pageant having been postponed, Quebec secured the originator and greatest master of the modern Pageant, Mr. Frank Lascelles. In the sense that he gave his services free he was an amateur, as was his secretary, Mr. Ernan Denis. The body of devoted public men in the National Battlefields Commission, under the chairmanship of Quebec's upright and indefatigable Mayor, Sir George Garneau, like those on the Tercentenary Committee, also gave their services freely and saw to it that the funds at their disposal under the charge of Mr. Courtney, an ideal treasurer, were honestly spent to the best advantage. Sir Edmund Walker, a man of Medicean versatility in his equal interest in finance and the intellectual life, and his zealous coadjutor Colonel Denison, never missed a single meeting, although their attendance as members of the commission necessitated long journeys.

The example of devoted and ungrudging co-operation in this national enterprise given by these able and distinguished gentlemen was reflected in the spirit shown by the rank and file of ready helpers, and thus secured for the celebration on the appointed day a complete success.

Not unnaturally the Pageant gave occasion for some French-and-English misunderstanding; but the truth emerged in time to save the situation.

When it was found that a Pageant managed by an Englishman, and at first performed by an unduly large proportion of Anglo-Canadians, was yet so French and French-Canadian that not a word of English was spoken in it, from first to last, except by Phips's discomfited envoy, no reasonable suspicion could any longer be kept alive. The French-Canadians saw the matter in its true light and joined *en masse*. And when they did join they easily took the honours of the scene. They caught the spirit of it at once, and excelled in the dramatic parts, both individually and collectively; for they were naturally quite at home playing the favourite rôles of their own heroic history.

Their priesthood was at first disposed to look somewhat askance at the religious scenes in the Pageant. A visit to the grounds with Mr. Lascelles, however, soon convinced them that his setting and the resultant "atmosphere" would be everything for which they could wish. Indeed, they at once saw the wisdom of taking part themselves, with their own choirs and other assistants. And, in the end, the ecclesiastical scenes were acted with more verisimilitude than any others.

In this connexion it is interesting to note a very different religious scene which took place on Sunday, the 19th of July, the eve of the Tercen-

tenary, when *L'Association Catholique de la Jeunesse Canadienne-Française* paraded the streets, five thousand strong, to do homage to Champlain at the foot of his statue. Here modern French Canada, in thoroughly distinctive fashion, held the stage in its own person before giving way to its historical counterpart. Still, in its kindred spirit of devotion to the staunch and pious founder of Canada, it carried one back to the historic times so well represented by Mr. Lascelles in that part of the Pageant which showed the arrival of the Ursulines and Laval's reception of de Tracy. Thanks, also, to the respectful demeanour of the crowds looking on, it enjoyed an almost equally sympathetic audience.

Since all ended so happily, and since every critical question only served to strengthen the growing friendship of the two races, thus brought into such intimate contact, there is no need to disguise the fact that the fate of the historic armies and, with it, the fate of the Pageant and whole celebration, hung in the balance for several anxious days. The argument in favour of introducing these armies was simply unanswerable. Some timid folk asked why we should have a Pageant with a celebration on a world-wide scale at all. On the other hand, two years before, the exclusively French-Canadian St.-Jean-Baptiste Society of Quebec had, of its own

free will, invited the whole Dominion to take part; and a meeting of Quebec citizens, in which French-Canadians greatly preponderated, had unanimously asked that the invitation should be extended to include the whole British Empire, France and the United States; while, within a couple of months, the French-Canadian Prime Minister of Canada had brought in an Act of Parliament to nationalise the very fields on which the original armies met in alternate victory and defeat. In these circumstances, no Pageant could stop short of, much less omit, the heroes of both battles of the Plains. All the world knew of Wolfe and Montcalm. If they were left out, would not the world think that there was something that had to be hidden? To the obvious objection, that the world might only notice the first battle, the obvious answer was that here was the one golden opportunity to teach it about the second, and to draw its willing attention to all the other French and French-Canadian glories of Quebec. To the final objection, that the ultimate result was a French defeat, the answer was that the French-Canadians and the British never fought each other alone, that, on the contrary, when they were alone together in Quebec they fought and conquered, side by side, and that nothing could be more insulting to French-Canadians than to suppose that all their professed

contentment with this ultimate result was mere lip-service to curry favour with a conqueror.

The historic armies were accordingly incorporated as the crowning scene of the Pageant. It took another week, however, to decide how they were to march on and manœuvre. Some knave had started, and some fools had believed, an idiotic newspaper nonsense-tale about a sham battle. The leaders of both races of course knew better; but that portion of the public, French- and English-speaking alike, which is always ready to believe false news out of which a scandal may be created, showed a good deal of restlessness. However, quite apart from the temporary mischief caused by this unfortunate incident, the problem was sufficiently difficult. The French army could not march on from the Quebec side and the British from the opposite, without suggesting the first battle and Wolfe's victory. Nor could the position be reversed, without suggesting the French victory of the following campaign. At last an idea struck one of the four nonplussed survivors of an interminable sitting, that both armies should march on, side by side, and at right angles to the lines of advance and retreat of each army in either battle. This suggestion was immediately adopted; and two friendlier forces never met, continued, or parted on better terms.

The French-and-English question is well worth dwelling on, because the whole Celebration, in spite of minor drawbacks, did really bring the two races into better mutual relations, because the French-Canadians deserve more credit for this than they were accorded, and because there really is nothing to fear from telling the truth. We must remember how naturally the mass of any people shrinks from being merged in constantly increasing bodies different from itself. It is not easy for minorities to be generous. Is it always so easy for the Anglo-Canadian minority in the Province of Quebec to be generous to the French-Canadian majority? Should we, then, be so ready to resent an occasional narrowness among the French-Canadian minority in the Dominion or in the Empire? On the whole, it may be truly said that while there was a genuine and hearty desire, in all responsible English-speaking quarters, to give French-Canadians the fairest field and fullest favour, the French-Canadians, on their part, were at least the equals of the Anglo-Canadians, and under more difficult conditions, in losing prejudice and gaining generosity, throughout the trying periods of the tercentennial year.

To complete the significance of this crowning scene of the historic armies, Carleton and his French- and English-speaking defenders of 1775

stood on one flank, while, on the other, stood de Salaberry, the French-speaking hero of 1812, with his Voltigeurs de Châteauguay, among whom was a Quebec contingent, and Brock, the English-speaking hero of the same war, who was long in garrison at Quebec, before he left to die in victory on Queenston Heights.

By this no unfriendliness to the Americans was, of course, intended; and certainly none of them who knew Canadian history ever took offence at it. The Canadian historian who advised Mr. Lascelles on the subject was bound to point out that the three wars could not have suited the purpose of the Pageant better if they had been made to order for it: 1759 saw a British victory over the French; 1760 saw a French victory over the British; while 1775 and 1812 saw the French- and English-speaking subjects of the Crown uniting to keep Canada a French- and Anglo-Canadian part of the British Empire. Moreover, this welcome addition drew attention to the sublime devotion of the United Empire Loyalists, who gave up their all for the cause they had at heart, and were faithful through utter destitution and unto death itself. Surely it would have been both weak and wrong to have left out 1775 and 1812. The whole significance of these wars is that all the determining elements of Canadian life—and the

Indians, too, for who can forget Tecumseh?—resolved to fight for a Canadian life lived under British conditions. Being content with what our fathers did then, we should have been worse than degenerate if we had not approved their deeds in the eyes of the world to-day. There can be no doubt whatever about the best-informed French-Canadian feeling on the question:—

"C'est encore le rampart inexpugnable, dont la résistance, en 1775 et en 1812, conserva à l'Angleterre un domaine vraiment royal dans le Nouveau-Monde. C'est le Gibraltar, dont l'érection signifia plus tard aux Etats-Unis l'intention formelle des hommes d'Etat de la métropole de garder envers et contre tous, ce qu'elle détient ici: *What we have we hold;* et de nos jours, Québec, c'est encore la forteresse qui garde la route la plus directe et la plus courte entre la métropole et l'Empire des Indes."

This is a quotation from the official summary of the proceedings of the Tercentenary committees in Quebec. The French-speaking Canadians are, indeed, no more unfriendly to the Americans than are the English-speaking Canadians. The fact is that the best Canadian attitude towards the United States is a friendly though foreign one; emphasizing the friendly to the utmost, but never

forgetting the foreign. This attitude is certainly the one that makes most for respect and self-respect all round.

As for the historic aspect, there is simply nothing more to be said about commemorating the French- and English-speaking heroes who saved Canada from the Americans, after stating the four historic facts which, in themselves, constitute four good and sufficient reasons. Of these four reasons the first is that history has nothing to do with anything except historic truth, and the defeat of the three American invasions is certainly true. The second is that any complimentary perversion of historic truth would be a studied insult to intelligent Americans, who, of course, know better. The third is that Americans can bear the record of a few defeats quite as well as the British, French or French-Canadians, none of whose own defeats are either hidden or glossed over. And the fourth will surely appeal to all good tourists from beyond the line. For why, after all, do they come to Quebec? Of course, to see what they cannot see at home. They say they love Quebec because it is so unique. Then, what could be more assuredly unique, and what more flattering because unique, than the only place in the world where Americans have been twice defeated on the spot, and whence men have twice set out to defeat them elsewhere?

This account of the Tercentenary is nothing if not critical; it is intended to be honest and plain-spoken, and it can be neither critical nor honest nor yet plain-spoken if it makes no confession of failures. Now, there were failures, plenty of them; but, fortunately, none of a disabling nature. There were failures in organization, all from neglect of the invariable rule that the only way to organize any victory is to give strong experts time and means to discipline enthusiasts and lead them to the desired end. Wherever there are crowds of amateurs there ought to be professional assistants to keep the touch between leaders and followers, between the different co-operating parts, and between each part and the whole. In Quebec we had generals and regiments enough; but we lacked an adequate staff. This, however, was through no fault of the organizers; but rather from the exigencies of unformed public opinion, which can so rarely be brought to see the necessity for adequate preparation in good time. In the same way, other failures occurred, mostly by force of circumstances, which could not have been overcome by the means placed at the disposal of the executants. Perhaps the worst of all the failures was the Pageant Book. To produce such a book properly the co-operation of several experts for several

months was an absolute necessity. This Quebec book was "got up" and published within less than one month. Worse still, the history, literature, music and illustrations were all "cut up" to fit the Procrustean bed of mechanical exigency. Bad as the result was, however, neither the contributors, editors nor publishers have any reason to be ashamed of what they were forced to produce under impossible conditions.

But why continue such a chronicle of small beer? All the failures together did not equal one of the great successes. There were, too, some successes which the general public never realised at all—such as the marvellously efficient detective service, which kept strangers, guests and townsfolk alike as safe as they would have been in their own private houses. And looked at from the highest point of view, and taken for all in all, the Tercentenary was an unchallengeable triumph—brilliant to the eye, moving to the heart, deep to the understanding, and fraught throughout with untold significance.

PART II

The Celebration

The First Two Days

WITH the opening of the Tercentenary Quebec once more took her place in the full current of world history. She is not, and never has been, a large town. She still has less than 100,000 inhabitants. She is no longer the capital of more than a single province, and her ordinary life is that of a provincial town. Yet she has been the scene of more than one crisis of supreme importance to the world. It is quite possible that she may one day be the scene of another. Always, at any rate, she belongs to that small group of truly distinctive cities which are illustrious at once for the heroic deeds of their history and for the setting of scenic beauty in which that history is enshrined. It is impossible not to feel the incongruity of coupling together even the most famous of the cities of the New World with the great historic sites of Europe or of Asia. Quebec alone is a possible exception. She has been called the Edinburgh of Canada, and Edinburgh is worthy of a place even with Jerusalem, Rome,

Athens or Constantinople, among the beautiful cities of the world. In her history, too, Quebec draws a real touch of distinction from the fact that she has been the meeting place, in a series of military engagements, of three great world powers. Nowhere else in the world perhaps could these three have met together with equal appropriateness to celebrate their common history.

For twelve splendid days all Quebec was actually the stage for a play, of which the action covered nearly four centuries of multiform life. Much of this was represented with peculiar vividness by the Pageant. But Quebec herself as she appeared to the discerning eye, represented much more. Her streets were full of courtiers, gallants, and *grandes dames* from the Field of the Cloth of Gold and the Court of Henri Quatre; of Champlain's and Jacques Cartier's sailors; of Frontenac's, Wolfe's and Montcalm's soldiers; of *habitants* and *habitantes* dressed in *étoffe du pays*; of Jesuit missionaries and of the Indians who sometimes scalped them, and sometimes were converted; of fawns and satyrs for the entertainment of François Premier; of nuns and priests who served under the militant Laval; of *coureurs des bois* come into town like modern shantymen—in short, every class of men, women and children belonging to every generation between the end of the Middle











Wolfe Montcalm

Carleton

Lévis Murray











Ages and the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. Nothing seemed more natural than to see the soldiers, sailors, priests and all the other characters of the past, walking about in a place crowned by a citadel, girdled with battlemented walls, crested with church spires, and overlooking a harbour covered with every sort of craft, from a birch-bark canoe to a first-class battleship. The past and present, too, were linked together by old inhabitants and by many younger ones belonging to old families. The *Association des Anciennes Familles*, though it would admit no family that was not still living on a concession granted during the first century of the French *régime*, soon had hundreds on its roll. To these must be added the many descendants of those United Empire Loyalists who left the Stars and Stripes and all worldly goods for the Union Jack and poverty, at the call of patriotic loyalty, the greatest of all earthly ideals. And next among the strongest Anglo-Canadians came the descendants of the manyn aval and military veterans who have married and settled down in Canada.

It is a curious thing that there should be so much talk about the "old French families" and so much ignorance about the old British families—to use the word family in its social sense. As a matter of fact, there are very few old French

families represented in Canada. Nearly the whole *noblesse* returned to France after the Conquest, and hardly any have settled in Canada since. On the other hand, there are a good many descendants of old British families. The leading United Empire Loyalists were often descendants of younger sons who had become "British Americans" in the 17th and 18th centuries, and therefore had several generations of gentility behind them more than a hundred years ago. Those Anglo-Canadians who are descendants of officers—many of whom married U. E. Loyalist wives in Canada—are in the same case. The point is perhaps worth making, both as being historically correct, and as one of which visitors are, as a rule, entirely ignorant. Outside of the *noblesse*, however, the French-speaking Canadians have an ancestral pride to which there is nothing to correspond among English-speaking Canadians. Most *habitants* have Canadian pedigrees going back to the 17th century, and some of them can trace French descent beyond that. But neither they nor their priests, to whose admirable registers these pedigrees are due, ever pretend that the overwhelming mass of the people sprang from any other class than *habitants*. They are the finest type of Nature's gentlemen; and nearly all the townsfolk come originally from them.

Other living links with the past were supplied by the representatives of the historic families formerly connected with Quebec.

In this connexion it is worth while quoting the words of M. le Marquis de Lévis as showing how the heads of historic families still feel for Canada the warm admiration she feels for them. "Bien des liens me rattachent au Canada: mon nom, qui est celui du dernier défenseur de la France en cette contrée, le souvenir du premier Evêque de Québec, de la maison de Montmorency-Laval, à laquelle appartenait la mère de mon père; et je ne saurais oublier l'accueil qui m'a été fait lorsqu'il y a quelques années j'ai été à l'inauguration de la statue du Maréchal de Lévis au Palais du Parlement de Québec. Ma gratitude vivra autant que moi, et je resterai fidèle à la devise de Québec: *Je me souviens.*"

Next come the modern soldiers and sailors, looking as much at home in Quebec as if they had grown up there. There were plenty of them to enliven the appearance of the monotonous drab crowds of the present day. There must have been about 25,000 of all ranks, afloat and ashore. Fifteen thousand of these were Canadian Militia; and of these fifteen thousand only some three thousand belonged to the Permanent Corps. It was a strange surprise for visitors when they

happened to meet a British red-coat speaking French. Another surprise was that, with all these thousands—half of whom were ordinary Militia —there was not one single serious disturbance of any kind at all; though the surprise on this point was, of course, mostly confined to people who knew little or nothing of the modern Army or Navy. A particularly gratifying point was the excellent terms on which the Ontario Orangemen in the Militia lived side by side with the French-Canadian Roman Catholics in Quebec. Doubtless, the presence of such men as Colonel Denison on the Battlefields Commission and Colonel Bertram in the camp contributed greatly to this happy result.

Finally, to complete the character of the whole celebration, came the representatives of Champlain's birthplace, of France, of the United States, of the British Dominions, of the British Army and of His Majesty the King.

While all these visitors were assembling it can easily be imagined that the effect was positively kaleidoscopic. Every hour a regiment would come marching into this home of arms, where the bugle has marked every duty of the military day, without a break, for at least two hundred and thirty-five years. Or ships would come into the harbour, the furthest inland tidal harbour in the

world, where the British, French and American squadrons were already lying at anchor in mid-stream, but without obstructing the channel, even opposite the Citadel, the narrowest part of the whole St. Lawrence. Some of these ships brought out swarms of emigrants, who gazed a wondering moment at this strangely unexpected glimpse of a New World looking back at its past before they were whisked away by the Colonist trains into the home of their own future. But it was not only the emigrants who gazed in wonder at Quebec. "'The discovery of Quebec by Canadians' might well be the most striking news headline for this Tercentenary Celebration." This was the opening sentence of the admirable series of special articles written for the *Boston Transcript* by Mr. Tracy, who, as the author of the *Tercentenary History of Canada*, was probably the best-informed journalist present in Quebec. It was a true saying. To most Canadian eyes, Quebec had been a walled rock above a railway station and a wharf; and to most Canadian minds the scene of a single battle between the dare-devil Wolfe and the befooled Montcalm. Now they were to learn better, and to see Quebec once more as the point of contact between two Worlds, and the scene of such a gathering of really distinguished men as had never yet been brought together in the New. They

were to learn their stimulating lesson, moreover, among the most good-natured and well-mannered crowds to be found anywhere. People who, for the first time, saw the French-Canadians making holiday during the bi-centennial *fêtes* at the inauguration of the Laval monument, the month before, might have thought their demeanour then was due to special restraining influences; but their conduct was just the same at the Tercentenary.

The lesson was all the more interesting by reason of the way in which the wise saws were mixed with modern instances. In nothing was this fact better emphasized than in relation to questions of Imperial Defence. Here was the first attempt at anything at all like a Canadian Army, brought together from every part of the Dominion smoothly, quickly and, on the whole, efficiently. Here, too, was a British squadron, only a week from its base in England, and in perfect touch with every other part of a Navy which is the best guardian of all the different parts of the Empire, because it is essentially one, as the sea itself is one. Another, but much less obvious point, was that so many members of the Canadian Militia were descended from military ancestors, officers and men alike. It must be remembered in this connexion that the men who saved Canada in 1775

and 1812 were nearly all old soldiers or the sons of such. Those who revel in the peace and plenty of Canada to-day forget, or do not know, that there would be no Canada at all if it had not been for Imperial fleets and armies, backed by a soldier-bred Militia.

During these kaleidoscopic days before the Prince arrived, many interesting events took place that would have been central features in any other *fête*. First among them was the visit paid by the greatest living soldier to the scenes immortalized by the mighty dead.

There was little anyone could tell Lord Roberts about the Battlefields. Very few Canadians know them half so well, after seeing them, as many a recent distinguished visitor has known them before. We, who are on the spot, might well do more to learn our great history. When King Edward's Garter Mission was in Japan some of its members, who made a genuine "surprise visit" to an historic site, were astonished at the ready answers given by any casual inhabitant. Would it be too much to say that surprise visitors might possibly find less local information in certain spots in Canada? Students of military history might like to know that Lord Roberts accepts as final the evidence which proves the victory to have been due to Wolfe's own initiative, secrecy and skill, working

out a consummate plan based on British sea-power. There is a fine touch in Lord Roberts' getting out of the carriage to walk up the hill in Wolfe's footsteps, and a still finer when he stood for some time all alone in the Ursuline Chapel, under the Lamp of Repentigny, and half-way between the grave of Montcalm and the pulpit from which Wolfe's funeral sermon was preached by the Chaplain of the British flagship a fortnight after the Battle. It is interesting to know that an Ursuline, then perfectly clear-minded at ninety-three, spent several of her early years in the Convent with Mother St. Ignace, who, as a girl, stood beside the grave when Montcalm's shattered body was lowered into it, that dreadful midnight, a hundred and fifty years ago.

Then, there was the arrival of the U. S. S. *New Hampshire*, looking remarkably beautiful in her gleaming coat of white paint. She was probably one of the last white ships ever seen in any Navy. Modern warfare requires neutral tints; and the British Navy has been in slate grey, the colour of many a day in the North Sea, for some years past. The beauty of mast and sail and colour has all departed. But the beauty of line remains; and no one could fail to see how much greater it is in the best modern cruisers than in the tubby hulls of the old three-deckers. The French

flagship—not, alas, the *Montcalm*, but the *Gambetta*—sent her band to play on the Terrace. French bluejackets were in evidence all over the town, and were on the most friendly terms with their British fellow-tars and with all Quebecers. The French-speaking Physicians of America opened their fourth Congress in Laval University, and commemorated their *confrère*, Bonherme, who was Surgeon aboard Champlain's little *Don de Dieu*. They were followed by the Royal Society of Canada, which held a special session in honour of Champlain himself, at which the greatest experts in Canada told appreciative audiences the gist of all that is known about him. Lord Roberts was indefatigable in visiting the camps, where he must have been pleased to see how much the Militia has managed to do with the indifferent means supplied by an unheeding public. The Cavalry Brigade, in particular, under the best of Brigadiers, Colonel Turner, V.C., was a fine example of comparative efficiency reached against heart-breaking odds. There were sports for soldiers and sailors, tattoos for the crowd, the first performances of the Pageant, concerts, dinners, and a capital dance given by the British Naval officers in the Parliament Buildings. The Buildings, it may be added, were also the scene of the

immense State Ball given by the Province to the Prince of Wales on the following Friday.

Through all this, however, there was an underlying order, gradually shaping the different parts into the single whole which was to greet the King's Representative. Then, for a week after his arrival, there would be one common centre round which everything would be grouped; and that one centre would, of course, be the Prince. After that, the Celebration would again divide into several parts, each with a centre of its own and each with a special appeal to some section or another of the public.
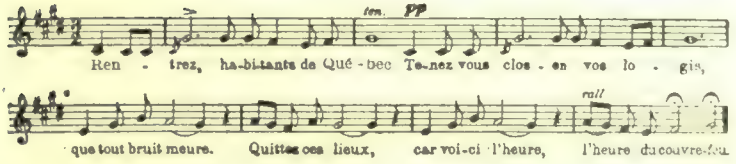
A feature common to all the twelve days, and one which set and kept the sympathetic spectator in tune with the spirit of the Champlain *fête*, was the march of the Heralds-at-Arms and Men-of-the-Watch through the City, proclaiming the events of the past day and those which were to take place on the morrow. These men also sang the old Parisian curfew every night. The Heralds wore a long purple mantle embroidered with golden *fleur-de-lys*, green trunks, purple hose, buckled shoes, and a broad-brimmed hat with long white and purple plumes. They carried big gilt *bâtons* as symbols of the authority which the Men-of-the-Watch were prepared to maintain for

them against all contumacious citizens, with helmet, sword and cuirass.

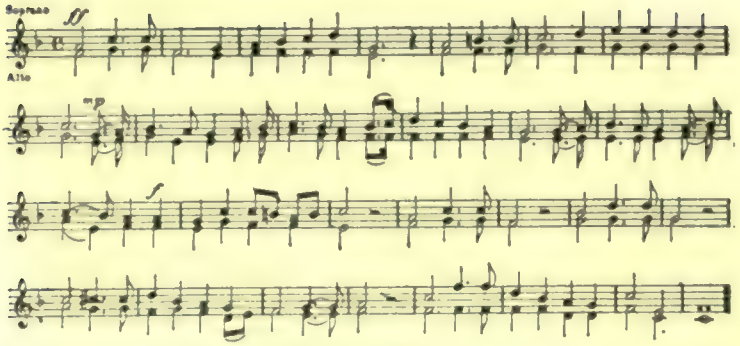
Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!
Habitants de Québec!

Then they proclaimed the items of news for that day and the next. Every night they ended with the good advice of the *couvre-feu:*—

Rentrez, habitants de Québec,
Tenez-vous clos en vos logis;
Que tout bruit meure.
Quittez ces lieux,
Car voici l'heure,
L'heure du couvre-feu!



Another and much stronger musical feature was the constant playing of *O Canada!* by every band at the celebration, as the Canadian national anthem, *par excellence.*



The Third Day

By Wednesday, the 22nd of July, Quebec was astir with the concentred life of a whole people. The meeting of the scions of her mighty past with the international representatives of a mighty present had already quickened her to many-sided interest. Wolfe and Montcalm, Lévis and Murray and Carleton, once more trod her streets, in the persons of their living next-of-kin. The Mayor of Brouage, the old French town which gave birth to Champlain, now looked on the capital of a New France to which Champlain himself gave birth. Admiral Jauréguiberry was as worthy a representative of France and her Navy to-day as his distinguished family had been of both in historic times; and, for this double reason, he was *persona*



Mr. George Wolfe — Comte de Montcalm

Capt. the Hon. Arthur Murray

Marquis de Lévis-Mirepoix — Hon. Dudley Carleton

The Marquis de Lévis













gratissima in Quebec. Mr. Fairbanks, as Vice-President of the United States, had the official *status* of a Crown Prince. Clan Fraser, so justly noted for its soldiers and settlers, had sent its Chief; and as Lord Lovat may be called the Scotch representative so the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Ranfurly, both personal guests of Lord Grey, might be called the English and Irish. There was much that was significant in all this. The representatives of the two Protestant countries were Roman Catholics. The name and the blood of the Frasers are current among the French-Canadians. The Duke of Norfolk is the premier Peer of the British nobility. Both he and Lord Lovat served in the Boer War. Lord Ranfurly was a popular Governor-General among the ultra-democratic New Zealanders; and he was one of the three British Proconsuls present, the other two being the Earl of Dudley, once Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, now Governor-General of Australia and, of course, Canada's own good friend and Governor, Lord Grey. Newfoundland, eldest of all the British Colonies, was represented beside United South Africa, youngest of all aspirants to Confederation. Here, then, were representatives of the whole self-ruling Empire; while the turbans of some Indian Officers reminded us of that other Empire, where more than three times as many people

as there are in the United States were governed by Lord Minto. Lord Minto, himself, Canadians remembered as one who served with distinction against the North West Rebellion, in the first purely Canadian campaign, and who was our Viceroy when the first Canadian Contingents were sent to fight for the Empire beyond the sea. To crown everything, the Fleet and Army, which the Mother Country still maintained almost alone for the defence of all, were represented by a squadron of her battleships and cruisers, and by her greatest living soldier, Lord Roberts, the only man who has ever commanded forces from every part of the Empire, united for a single war.

Though thousands of visitors had been flocking in for a week, though fleets had been entering the harbour, though troops had been marching into camp without a break by night or day, though from the Heights you could see ships, tents and Pageant grounds, and though every street and open space was swarming with eager crowds, Quebec was still vibrant with expectation. Was not the Heir to the Ruler of an Empire as large and thrice as populous as the whole New World coming to honour the founder of a country the size of Europe, and to dedicate the most sacred and historic spot within it?

He came in the full splendour of a perfect sum-

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The Duke of Norfolk, Lord de Villiers, Vice-President Fairbanks
Admiral Jauréguiberry, Lord Roberts, Earl Dudley,
Mr. Pitts, Lord Ranfurly, Mr. Lascelles,

The Duke of Norfolk, Lord de Villiers, Vice-President Fairbanks
Admiral Jauregnberry, Lord Robers, Earl Dudley.



mer day; and his arrival befitted the occasion. He came by sea, as British rulers should. His ship, for which all were waiting, was the *Indomitable*, the latest model of combined strength and speed in the oldest and greatest navy in the world; and therefore the best to fly the Royal Standard of a sailor Prince. On the greatest of all tidal rivers the British, French, and American Squadrons lay at anchor to receive him. On the wharf where he was to land, and on and up from there to the topmost heights of walled and citadelled Quebec, stood double lines of Canadian soldiers, still immature as an organized army, but having a long and very honourable military past, and standing on ground made immortal by the two races from which they were descended. Suddenly, over the low foreshore of Point Lévis, the tops of the escorting cruiser *Minotaur* appeared, and the next minute her long, clean-cut hull glided swiftly into view. As suddenly the immense crowds, clustering round every point of vantage, stirred a moment, swayed intently forward, and changed from a concourse of individuals to a single expectant mass of humanity. One minute more, and the *Indomitable* herself moved steadily into view, the very embodiment of tense force held in leash. Immediately the fleet in the harbour manned and dressed ship from stem to stern. The British,

French, and American flagships led the thunderous salute, which was instantly repeated by every vessel present, and by the grey fastness of the Citadel, crowning the heights more than three hundred feet above. Into this magnificence of welcome the *Indomitable* advanced, stateliest of all; her crew on deck and her multitudinous flutter of flags aloft making her a sea-throne fit for a Prince with a title called The Lord of the Isles. She reached her berth: there was a heavy plunge and splash, as her huge anchor was let go; then the loud roar of her chain cable rushing through the hawse-hole, and, almost before this ceased, the first strains of the National Anthem, rising from ship after ship. Thus, in the person of his Heir and special envoy, the King's Majesty arrived in Tercentennial Quebec.

As the Prince set foot on Canadian soil he was received by the Governor-General and presented with an address by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. His reply was happily worded and admirably delivered. The following passage was a notable part of it:—

"I am fully sensible of the honour and responsibility of my position as the representative of your Sovereign, who, ever mindful of the unswerving loyalty of his Canadian subjects, follows with affectionate interest everything which concerns the

welfare and development of the Dominion. My privilege is therefore twofold; for I join with you, both as the representative of the King and on my own behalf, in celebrating the 300th anniversary of the founding of your famous city by Samuel de Champlain. I look forward with keen interest to the impressive ceremonies of the next few days, during which the past and present will appear before us upon a stage of unsurpassed natural beauty. And here, in Quebec, I recall with much pleasure the no uncertain proofs which I have received, on my several visits to Canada, of the loyalty of the King's French-Canadian subjects. Their proved fidelity in times of difficulty and danger, happily long past, is one of the greatest tributes to the political genius of England's rule, and the knowledge that they and their fellow Canadians of British origin are working hand in hand in the upbuilding of the Dominion is a source of deep satisfaction to the King, as well as to all those who take pride in British institutions.

I cordially agree with you in the propriety of setting apart, as a memorial for present and future generations, the battle ground of the Plains of Abraham, hallowed by the association of past years, and I heartily congratulate all concerned in this noble undertaking upon the success which has attended their patriotic efforts."

The Prince was received with marked cordiality and respect. Canadian crowds are not, as a rule, very demonstrative, unless at general elections, or over championship matches at football, hockey or lacrosse. And French-Canadian crowds are naturally not in very close touch with the emotional centres of British interest. But the crowds in Quebec were always kindly disposed, imbued with real respect, and more cordial than a stranger would be inclined to think them at first sight. The addresses and replies were in both languages, and the Prince's hearty way of speaking French in easy alternation with English won him a great deal of affectionate personal regard. As the dense crowds melted away they were evidently in high good humour at having the King's Representative safely housed in the Citadel as the chief of all their guests.

The Fourth Day

Thursday was devoted to Champlain. It was, indeed, much more than officially appropriate that the Prince should lead the ceremonies in honour of the founder of Quebec. Both have Norman blood and both are known as good seamen afloat and statesmen ashore. Champlain, personified by the Hon. Charles Langelier, Sheriff of Quebec, sailed

up the harbour in his famous *Don de Dieu*, with the flood tide flowing, a favouring breeze, and every stitch of canvas drawing. This little vessel of only 120 tons, was as nearly a facsimile of Champlain's as human wit could make her; and the crew was also the same in numbers, in dress, and even in blood, as that of three hundred years ago. There was a curious contrast when she berthed next the gigantic *Indomitable*, which, being of 18,000 tons, was just one hundred and fifty times her size. But there was an equally interesting coincidence in the fact that both vessels held the transatlantic record of their day. Champlain made the quickest passage then known, when he went from Honfleur to Tadousac in 18 days. And the *Indomitable* holds the present record, for having covered the distance from land to land in 67 hours. Incidentally it may be added that another link between Champlain and our own day is that he was the first to propose a Panama Canal.

The Indians were on the look-out. They put off in their war canoes, and a parley ensued overside. Then they paddled the strange, kind Palefaces ashore. Unfortunately, not many people saw the Indians in their canoes close enough to appreciate the scene. Nothing could have been finer in its way. These Indians were no suburban human curios; but the genuine, full-blooded red

men, two hundred strong, brought down from the far North and West, both to learn and to teach at the Tercentenary. Whoever loves canoes and the strength and beauty of the human form—and what Canadian worth his salt does not love both? —would have seen at least one perfect crew here. Crested with waving war-plumes, and stark naked to the waist, every one of its eight six-footers was straight as an arrow and full of supple vigour as a bow. No sculptor could have wished for better models than these sinewy living bronzes, driving their canoe ahead with perfect harmony of rhythm between the craft and crew.

On landing, Champlain first went into an exact reproduction of the *Abitacion de Québec*, which stood near the spot where the original had been built in 1608. When he came out he took his place in the long historical procession, which immediately began to file off. As it mounted the hill and marched past his statue—one of the very few public works of art in Canada—the spectator could see the whole line of our history in five centuries. First came the Heralds-at-Arms and Men-of-the-Watch, exactly as in mediæval times. Then Jacques Cartier and his three crews, 110 strong, just as they were when he discovered Quebec in 1535. Then a gay, many-coloured cavalcade, the mounted court renowned in the annals of



Court Scene



historic pageantry at the Field of the Cloth of Gold. At their head rode Jacques Cartier's King, Francis I, with his Queen and his bewitching sister, Marguerite of Angoulême. Next came Champlain's King, the equally famous Henry of Navarre. Everyone knows the old refrain:—

Vive Henri Quatre!
 Vive ce roi vaillant!
Ce diable à quatre
 A le triple talent
De boire et de battre
 Et d'être un vert galant!

He excelled in arms and arts, as every national hero should excel; and was admired and loved by women, as men who excel in arms and arts deserve to be.

Then came Champlain himself, de Monts, Pontgravé, and their men, the founders of the country and its pioneers, greater even than the first discoverers. Next, Dollard and his sixteen heroes of the Long Sault, who, as every Canadian knows, saved the infant Colony by an act of self-sacrifice which can never be surpassed, because they foreknew their earthly doom from the very moment

they set forth to stay the furious invasion of the Iroquois. These were succeeded by explorers and founders of towns. All this was an enlightening reminder that the Anglo-Saxon is not the only adventurous race of modern history. The French as every student knows were often original in their ideas and brilliant in their first moves into the unknown world. The pathos of their daring lives is that they were leaders without a national following, without the security of sea-power behind them, and without a free-growing colony beside them. But, take them for what they were themselves, and they well deserve our lasting admiration. One could wish their names were better known in English-speaking Canada—La Violette, de Maisonneuve, Bienville, Iberville, La Salle, Marquette, La Vérendrye. If you would see the spirit of exploration shining through the veil of the flesh, look at the portrait of La Salle. The Procession took note of a new era beginning in 1665 with the arrival of the Marquis de Tracy and the Régiment de Carignan-Sallières, fresh from its victorious campaign against the Turks. These, like their predecessors and their successors—except Duluth, Saint Lusson and Mlle. de Verchères—will be met again in the Pageant. Duluth headed some *Coureurs des Bois*, those adventurous spirits whose vagaries used to make their paternal government

as anxious as a hen who has hatched a brood of ducklings. Not that the government was wrong in objecting to their real excesses and the unsettling effect of their example. Then came Saint Lusson and the men who took possession of the illimitable West in 1671. It was beside the Great Lakes, those suzerain waterways of all America, that this great captain of France raised the Cross of Christ and the 'scutcheon of the King in the presence of the Fourteen Tribes. Then followed Frontenac, whose striking personality dominates one of the best scenes in the Pageant. Then the female counterpart of him and Dollard, Mlle de Verchères, who held the Iroquois at bay with a courage as undaunted as that shown at Rorke's Drift against an equally pitiless foe. Finally, there came the historic armies of Wolfe and Montcalm, Lévis and Murray, Carleton, de Salaberry, and Brock. As there were a few old people who could remember the Canadian Rebellion, and many more who could remember the proclamation of the Dominion, on the ground at the head of Mountain Hill which the procession passed on the way up, it was literally true that every single great phase of our history was present to the eye or to the living memory, from the sixteenth century to the twentieth. One can say the twentieth advisedly, because the Tercenten-

ary was not only commemorating history but actually making it as well.

At the base of the Champlain statue the Hon. Charles Langelier, Sheriff of Quebec, who acted the part of Champlain in this procession and in the Pageant, was presented to the Prince, who also received the official address of welcome from the City. In his well turned speech the Mayor, Sir George Garneau, said:—

"Assembled round the monument of the glorious founder of Canada, our hearts filled with the heroic memories of three centuries, the story of which seems more like an epic than a history, the French-Canadians cannot suppress an inexpressible feeling of patriotic pride and of gratitude towards the two great nations which have, in turn, presided over their destinies; to their ever-beloved France, to whom they are indebted for their being and their grand traditions, and to England, which has left them free to expand in full enjoyment of their faith, their language, and their institutions, and has given them a political constitution which is based upon the greatest possible extent of liberty, and is undeniably the finest and most perfect in the world.

"During the modest festivities of the time of Champlain, the few people of the colony, assembled



The Entry of King Henri IV.



round their leader, were accustomed to crown their rejoicings by the loyal cries: '*Vive le Roi! Vive Monseigneur le Dauphin!*'

"To-day, three centuries later, the citizens of Quebec and the whole Canadian people, faithful to their new allegiance, as were our forefathers to the old *régime*, welcome Your Royal Highness with the heartfelt acclaim: '*God Save the King! God Bless the Prince of Wales!*' "

In the course of his reply the Prince said:—

"The history of New France is singularly attractive, as much by the moving events recorded on its pages as by the heroic personages who have made that history, amongst whom the commanding figure of the chivalrous Samuel de Champlain stands out with great brilliance. It is owing to his pen that the recital of his adventures has reached us to-day, and this story, with the modesty and sincerity which distinguish it, stamps each page with the sign manual of truth.

"From the bottom of my heart I congratulate you on possessing such a hero. May his statue for ever ornament your historic capital to recall—should that be necessary—to the citizens of Quebec the high qualities of piety and courage, of humanity and strength of spirit which distinguished this faithful servant of his God and his King."

The Governor-General had sent a message to His Majesty expressing the profound loyalty of the Canadian People, with special reference to those then assembled round the Champlain statue at Quebec, and he now received the following reply from the King:—

"Please convey to the Mayor and the citizens of Quebec my congratulations and good wishes on the joyous celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the foundation of their city by Samuel de Champlain. I am much gratified to learn of their cordial reception of the Prince of Wales, whom I have sent to represent me on this great occasion. I received with pleasure the renewed assurances of loyalty on the part of my Canadian subjects, in whose welfare I am deeply interested, and to whom I wish an ever-increasing measure of progress and prosperity."

His Excellency then proceeded to read other messages:—

Her Royal Highness, the Princess Louise, to Governor-General:—

LONDON, 22nd July.

Sincerest congratulations on the occasion of the Tercentenary celebrations in dear old Quebec, and on the great gathering your happy inspiration has

called together. The enthusiasm this interesting event has evoked is fully shared by me.

LOUISE.

The Prime Minister of the United Kingdom to the Governor-General:—

LONDON, July 22.

On the occasion of the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of Quebec I send the warm congratulations and hearty good wishes of His Majesty's Government to our colleagues and fellow subjects the Government and the people of the great Dominion of Canada. The Dominion, as it stands to-day, is living evidence of the foresight and endurance of Samuel Champlain, and it bears witness to the world that peace and prosperity are the fruits of freedom and self-government.

H. H. ASQUITH.

The Viceroy of India to the Governor-General of Canada:—

SIMLA, 20th July.

Hearty congratulations on Champlain Tercentenary, and my very best wishes to the Canadian descendants of the two great races who have together built up their magnificent Dominion.

MINTO.

The Governor-General of Australia to the Governor-General of Canada:—

MELBOURNE, 21st July.

Australia, greeting Canada, the sister and senior of all Dominions of the Empire, welcomes the celebration of your third century of adventurous advance.

NORTHCOTE.

The Governor of New Zealand to the Governor-General of Canada:—

Across Pacific, New Zealand echoes Empire's congratulations upon object-lesson Canada gives to-day of pride in her glorious past, solidarity of her people and growth of her nation. May I add personal congratulations on the splendid response to your proposals ?

PLUNKET.

The Prime Minister of New Zealand to the Governor-General of Canada:—

. To you, the greatest daughter of our parent land, New Zealand sends her joyous greetings, feeling more and more as the years roll on that we share with you one life, one flag, one fleet, one throne.

JOSEPH GEORGE WARD.

The Governor of the Transvaal to the Governor-General:—

PRETORIA, July 22nd.

The Government and the people of the Transvaal desire to convey their hearty sympathy and cordial good will to the Government and the people of the Dominion on the occasion of Canada's 300th birthday. The Transvaal Government hopes that the celebrations will be a great success, and that they will be the means of strengthening further the bonds with which we are all united under the flag of the British Empire.

GOVERNOR.

After some other cordial greetings from different parts of the British Empire had been read, Vice-President Fairbanks presented the good wishes of the President and People of the United States:—

"The eyes of the western world are upon this historic city. The celebration of the tercentenary of Champlain's founding of Quebec is altogether admirable both in the comprehensiveness of its conception and in the excellence of its execution, and is an event which awakens interest not only in the Dominion of Canada but in the United States also. From this point as a base, intrepid explorers blazed the pathway of civilization through trackless

forests and explored lakes and rivers in territory which is now within the jurisdiction of the United States. Names associated with the early history of Quebec are landmarks in our geography and are indelibly impressed upon our civilization"

Then Vice-Admiral Jauréguiberry expressed the congratulations of France:—

"In the name of France I render the most respectful homage to the glorious dead who have founded Quebec, who have contributed to its grandeur and who have developed the strong virtues which win its Canadians universal esteem.

"From the other side of the Atlantic we applaud with ardent sympathy the union that has been realized in Canada between two races so well in a position to understand each other, each contributing to the common work the qualities which are its own"

The speeches closed with an eloquent peroration by the Hon. Adelard Turgeon, on behalf of the French-Canadian race:—

"What hour, what place, could be more solemn and more propitious for evoking the memory of him whom the voice of history and the gratitude of peoples have honoured with the two-fold title of

founder of Quebec and of the Canadian nation. And—as if the setting back of the hand of Time and the majestic decorations were not sufficient for such an apotheosis—through concerted kindness, for which we are indebted to the generous initiative of our well-beloved Sovereign, the three countries that have in turn, and at times concurrently, mingled in our national life, bring him the tribute of their respect and admiration.....

"As to France, she could not help being here. Without her this celebration would have been incomplete, as when in family gatherings an empty chair tells of mourning for one who has gone away. It was right that she should once more bend over the cradle of the colony which for a century and a half lived its life as a scion of France, watered by the purest of her blood, and wherein, despite political storms, her language, her traditions, her mode of thought, all the flowers of her national originality, still flourish.

"The glory of France lies in the fact that, through Cartier and Champlain, she stands at the head of those captains, discoverers and missionaries who—roaming under every latitude and penetrating into the remotest solitudes of the North and West, into the forests full of mystery and dread legends—were the pioneers of civilization and Christianity, and left on their surroundings everywhere the

impression of the manners, customs, tastes and ideas of their native land....."

That evening the illuminations blent all the works of Nature and of Man into one vivid picture traced in fire. Against the intense darkness the characteristic contours of Quebec stood out in bold relief—heights, slopes and levels—with the emphasis of concentrated brilliance on every salient feature. The outline of the Levis shore was revealed, in the same way, by tier upon tier, cluster after cluster, and many sinuous connecting lines of lights. Meanwhile between the sheer black of its banks, from which these latticed myriads of diamonds were flashing, the dark St. Lawrence gleamed with a fleet so phantom-like in all but its mere brightness that you would have thought the dread leviathans of day had been replaced at night by ships from fairyland.

The Fifth Day

On Friday morning all roads led out to the Plains of Abraham, where an international force of twenty thousand men was drawn up for the Royal Review. It was an inspiring sight in more than met the eye; though the sight itself was surely inspiring enough: that disciplined human



The March Past



strength, trained for the noble duty of national defence, standing on part of the stage of universal history, and in the midst of a vast natural amphitheatre which is one of the scenic wonders of the world. Here were three Great Powers, once more represented in arms on their old field of honour; but this time in the rivalry of peace, and side by side with Canada's new army. An army it is, and not a militia; for the transformation of our national forces is indeed taking place, none too soon and far too slowly, from a mere collection of isolated units to something more nearly approaching a cohesive whole. The old militia had not even the isolated units for many necessary branches of an army; and an army is a living organism, continually undergoing waste and needing repair. An excellent object lesson it was, then, to have the medical, transport, commissariat and other necessary non-combatant departments represented on parade.

The troops just filled the ground, drawn up, as they were, in two lines of quarter columns, infantry in front and mounted men in rear. The contour of the Plains made every man visible to the spectator; and, as one looked at the parade, one saw something of all the forces which have made, and which must maintain, the Empire. The Heir to the Throne represented the King, from

whom all officers receive their commissions, and to whom all who take arms swear allegiance by land or sea. The British Navy, which still protected Canada without receiving any support from Canadian resources, was represented by a Naval Brigade, some thousands strong, under Sir John Jellicoe, the hero of the relief of the Pekin Legations. The British Army was represented by the last soldier to hold the office of Commander-in-Chief and the first to appear in Canada as a Field Marshal, Earl Roberts of Kandahar, Pretoria and Waterford. Every rank was also represented, from his down to the junior subaltern's, as well as every great part of the Empire, East and West, North and South, Old World and New. The Naval Brigade, as belonging to the Senior Service, took, of course, the right of the line. Next to it, mass upon mass, came the Canadian infantry, so drawn up, according to its territorial districts, that, as you ran your eye down the dense ranks of red, khaki, or Rifle green, you saw Canada in arms from every quarter of the land between the Atlantic and Pacific.

Lord Roberts, no mean judge, gave the review warm but discriminating praise: "What attracted me was the fact of a Review being held on the actual site of Wolfe's and Montcalm's historic battle; and I was struck by the ease with which

a fairly large number of troops was brought on and manœuvred on a very narrow strip of ground. There was no noise, no confusion. The regularity with which everything was done would have been creditable to an experienced staff and highly trained troops."

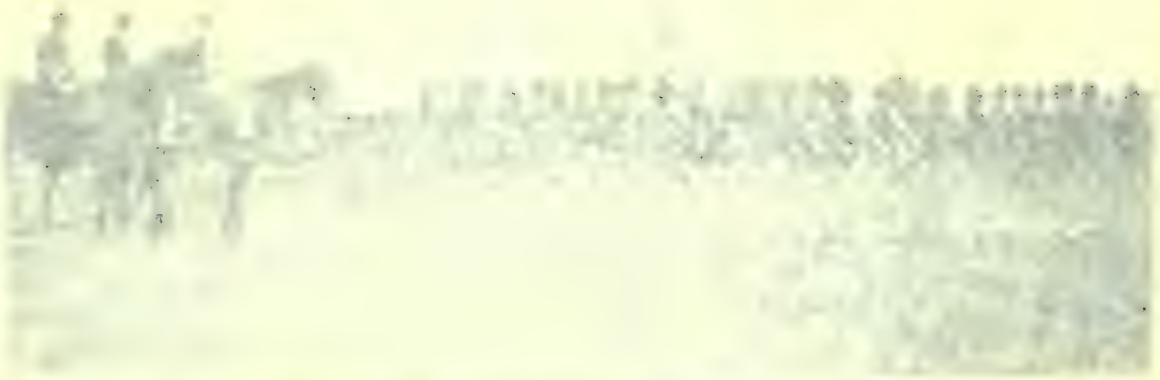
Having gone down the line, the Prince returned to the stand, where he dismounted and ascended the stairs leading to the pavilion over the entrance to the grounds. Here took place the short and simple ceremony which represented the result of the labours and contributions of so many loyal British subjects and their French and American friends. The deed transferring the property covering a part of the Battlefields was formally transferred to the Canadian people, as represented by their Governor-General. In handing it over with a cheque for $450,000, the Prince said:—

"It affords me the greatest pleasure to hand over to Your Excellency, the representative of the Crown in Canada, the sum of $450,000, which, through the patriotism of British citizens in all parts of Canada and of the Empire and the generosity of French and American sympathizers, has been entrusted to me in order that the historic Battlefields of Quebec, on which the two contending races won equal and imperishable glory, may be acquired for the people

of the Dominion and preserved under the special supervision of the Sovereign, as a permanent shrine of union and peace. I place in your hands, as representative of the Sovereign, the charge of the sacred ground which it is my pleasure to be able to present to you on the 300th birthday of Quebec as a gift to the people of Canada and the Crown."

Lord Grey, in replying, said:—"As Governor-General of Canada, and in the names of the Government and the people of the Dominion, I accept this sacred trust which Your Royal Highness the Heir to the Throne has graciously placed in my hands."

The march past was managed with an almost German or Japanese exactitude. The three Naval Brigades went by first, marked by all that distinction of appearance and bearing which is the legacy of centuries to the British Navy. First on their own element, they were a good second on the soldier's, as they passed with just that well-balanced sway which distinguishes men who have to use their sea-legs. The best march-past of all was decidedly that of the Royal Canadians, who constitute the Infantry arm of our Permanent Force. Their step, swing, dressing, distances, and general precision left little to be desired. The Highlanders naturally excited the greatest sartorial



The Prince of Wales Reviewing the Highlanders on the Plains

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interest and drew a hot and continuous fire of snap-shots from hundreds of cameras. After all, there is something in the philosophy of clothes, and a touch of distinction in garb, with a great tradition behind it, is by no means to be despised in its proper place. There was not much to choose between the best of the red, of the green or of the kilted corps; and there was little indeed that would not have passed muster on parade as at least second best. The mounted troops of militia naturally labour under disadvantages as compared with infantry; and the Quebec Cavalry Brigade suffered from many disabilities at the Tercentenary through faults for which they were not to blame. Their appearance was certainly less smart than that of the infantry, but, on even terms, they would at the very least have held their own. The Royal Canadian Dragoons, who are regulars, were different; and the turnout of their Escort for the Prince was practically perfect. The three men who most deserved the well-earned honours of this great occasion were the Minister of Militia—Sir Frederick Borden, the Inspector-General—Sir Percy Lake, and the Chief of the Staff—General Otter.

The great personal feature was, of course, Lord Roberts. He rode past early in the Review as Honorary Colonel of the Royal Canadian Artillery

—he is an old gunner officer himself—and later again as Honorary Colonel of the Queen's Own Rifles, to the great delight of the immense concourse of spectators. Both his Canadian corps did well for him, particularly the gunners. His stately salute to the Prince took all the people with its knightliness. For here was the greatest of living soldiers paying the tribute of his own honours to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm within sight of the ground they consecrated by their death; paying it, too, through the person of the Heir to the Throne, and the destined successor of Edward VII, who did more than anyone to bring the two Motherlands of Canada together, and so gave to the celebrations their unique international character. Whoever was present at this ceremony could not fail to appreciate the equal knightliness of George V, when, on assuming the rank of Field Marshal after his accession, he asked Lord Roberts himself to bestow the *bâton* on him.

When the last troops had cleared the front, after passing the saluting base, the two regular batteries of Horse Artillery formed up at the extreme end of the Plains; and then came down at full gallop, as hard as the horses could lay hoof to the turf, and swept past the Prince in faultless order, from the first line of guns to the last flying limber.



The Review on the Plains, showing the Quebec Gaol

The Queen's Own Rifles' Monument at Queenston Heights



Immediately after the Royal Review the Prince drove across the fields of both battles of the Plains and laid one wreath at the foot of the monument with the inscription:—

HERE DIED WOLFE VICTORIOUS
13TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1759.

and another at the foot of the monument inscribed

AUX BRAVES

who redressed the balance of victory in favour of France, under Lévis, on the 28th of April, 1760.

The Sixth Day

Saturday was the day of the Naval Review in the morning, the State Pageant in the afternoon, and the Empire Dinner in the evening.

The Prince's flag was flown from H.M.S. *Arrogant,* in which he passed down the long line of the combined squadrons. The French ships were visited first. A Naval display is always impressive; but it is particularly so in Quebec, where the surrounding heights offer each one of a million spectators a perfect view of everything that is taking place in the magnificent harbour below. All the great men-of-war were fully manned and

dressed, and as the cheers and the National Anthem ceased on board one they were taken up by the next to greet the Prince's approach.

The State Pageant was the same, as regards the performance, as all the others held during the twelve days' festivity—and the whole of the Pageant is described elsewhere—but the audience was by far the most distinguished of all, including as it did, every Canadian, Imperial, and International representative present in Quebec.

The Governor-General's Empire Dinner at the Citadel gathered round one table, as never before in Canada or in all Greater Britain, a Prince of Wales, three great Proconsuls, several Prime Ministers, and many other leaders in the five main pursuits of man—religion, statesmanship, war, the intellectual life and business. Lord Grey, who has done more than anyone else to promote personal and social intercourse across the North Atlantic, made a shrewd remark, in the same connection, when proposing the Prince's health. "Sir, in making yourself acquainted with every portion of the Empire, you have given an example which it would be well if those subjects of the Crown who have the time and money would increasingly follow." The Prince's reply was short and happy, with good points well driven home. It was a pity that the Tercentenary hardly gave him full scope

for his power as a public speaker. There is a prevalent idea that Kings and other Royalties never compose their own speeches, and could not if they would. If Sir Thomas Browne were collecting *Vulgar Errors* to-day, here would be one ready to his hand. The man who composed and delivered the "Wake up, John Bull!" speech at the Guildhall in 1901 is much fitter to compose other people's speeches than they are to compose his.

There was an effective Imperial moment when Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in proposing the health of self-ruling Greater Britain, drew out of his pocket a letter from General Botha, who, after expressing great regret at not being able to attend, said, in allusion to the Conference of the Fathers of Confederation in South Africa, " it is our intention to follow in the footsteps of Canada as soon as possible." Here were two British Prime Ministers, one a French-Canadian, wearing, like the Prince's uncle, a medal won in defence of Canada, the other a Boer, who, only six years before, had been Commander-in-Chief of the hostile forces which Lord Roberts went to fight.

This dinner was a purely Imperial one, no foreigners being present. It was, in fact, the one British family gathering of the *fête*. The first toast, after the King's health had been loyally drunk, was that to the Prince, proposed by the Governor-

General. In the course of his excellent speech Lord Grey said:—

"By coming to Canada at this season of the year, when your presence is so urgently desired in England, you have given to the British race a standing lesson as to the way in which it should be the duty of every subject of the King to subordinate his personal interests and convenience to the higher interests of the Empire and the Crown.

"Further, Your Royal Highness, in putting yourself to so much trouble and inconvenience in order that you might pay homage to Champlain, and do honour to Quebec, you have associated yourself for all time with Champlain, the hero of Quebec, in the hearts of the people.

"Sir, the fact that this is the sixth occasion on which you have visited Canada is in itself sufficient to show how well qualified you are in heart and action to be the heir to the throne of not only Great but Greater Britain.....

"The motto which has decorated this city by day and illuminated it by night, "Si nous nous connaissons mieux, nous nous aimerons plus," represents a great truth of which this week has been an eloquent illustration, and which ought to be carved in imperishable letters on the doorstep of every Briton.

70 1



The Right Honourable Sir Wilfrid Laurier,
Prime Minister of Canada



"Sir, the speech which you made at the foot of the Champlain statue, and the words with which you dedicated to race fusion and peace the sacred ground on which the two races won equal and imperishable glory, will long be remembered.....

"Thanks, Sir, to the deep interest which you have taken from the bottom of your heart in this National and Imperial Celebration; thanks to Your Royal Highness's presence, for which we shall never cease to be deeply grateful, this Quebec Tercentenary is proving itself to be an instrument for fusing the two great races of the Dominion into a more united people; for welding the provinces of the Dominion into a more consolidated nation; for strengthening the ties between Canada, the Motherland and the Sister States, so well and worthily represented on this occasion; for uniting the whole French- and English-speaking world in a point of common interest at Quebec; and for strengthening the *entente cordiale* between the British Crown and our ancient ally France and our friendly and powerful neighbour, the United States of America.

"Sir, it is in the belief that history will record that the Quebec Tercentenary was a blessed instrument for achieving these high results, and that it was owing to your presence among us that this Tercentenary has been able to secure this high

distinction, that I venture, with feelings of deepest gratitude, most respectfully to propose the toast of Your Royal Highness's health."

The Prince, who was received with warm cheers, the whole audience rising to its feet, then replied:—

"*Your Excellency, My Lords and Gentlemen:*—

"I thank you all most sincerely; Your Excellency, for proposing this toast, and my other friends here for the manner in which they have received it....

Your Excellency has referred to the fact that this is my sixth visit to Canada. I cannot, I regret to say, hope to rival the hero of these celebrations, the founder of Quebec, who crossed the Atlantic no less than twenty times in the interests of his infant settlement.....

There is one difference, however, on which I cannot but congratulate myself and my companions on the voyage. Champlain's vessels were from sixty to eighty tons; our ship was nearer 20,000, and, I suspect, rather more comfortable. (Laughter and applause). But the navigators of those days disregarded the dangers or discomforts of their voyages. Their minds were fixed on great discoveries, and in speculations upon the benefits which would be thus conferred upon mankind. I am confident

that Champlain, and others like him, thought less of present success or failure, than of the results which he and they foresaw would follow their energy and enterprise.....

"We in the *Indomitable*—that splendid ship, the largest and most modern of cruisers, which has been so kindly placed at my disposal—tossed about in a North Atlantic gale, thought much of Champlain and his little craft, and of the many great men, soldiers and sailors, who had crossed the ocean to visit Canada on errands of peace and war; of the heroic Montcalm, never to return to his beloved France, and of Wolfe, borne home to his last resting place. Even if our voyage had in any way entailed the discomfort suggested by Your Excellency, it would certainly have been more than compensated by the welcome which awaited me on my arrival. On each occasion when I have been to Canada I have found and made friends—friends whom neither I nor the Princess of Wales, who accompanied me on the last occasion, will ever forget. (Cheers). I delight to see old friends again, and to make new ones; but, apart from such personal feelings, there is the wider satisfaction of realizing how enormously Canada has prospered during recent years, thanks to the fostering care of successive governments and the wonderful enterprise of its

people. I can assure you that everything which conduces to the prosperity and well-being of the Dominion is watched with the keenest interest by the Mother Country. (Cheers).

"As the representative of our King, I knew that an enthusiastic greeting awaited me in Quebec; but the marked affection of that greeting has touched me most deeply. Indeed, it is not possible to express all I feel. The three hundredth birthday of Quebec has been made the occasion not of parochial or provincial, but of National and Imperial importance. (Cheers). We rejoice that from all quarters of the globe, from the great self-governing dominions, from Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, a warm interest has been taken in Quebec's Tercentenary.

"In its celebration Canada undertook a magnificent work. Success could not have been achieved without considerable self-sacrifice, individually and by the State itself.

"If, as Your Excellency has so kindly said, my presence here has contributed to the success of this great celebration, I shall feel as fully rewarded as I am heartily pleased."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier then proposed the toast of the sister self-governing Dominions of Greater Britain.



Rehearsal on the Plains



"The toast that I am privileged to propose is one that must appeal to all. As I advance in years I appreciate the more the wisdom of that British constitution under which I was born and brought up, and under which I have grown old, which has given to the various portions of the Empire their separate free governments. It is our proud boast that Canada is the freest country in the world. It is our boast that in this country liberty of all kinds, civil and religious liberty, flourish to the highest degree. (Cheers.) To those who look only on the surface of things this may not be apparent. The fact that we are a colony does not alter the truth of the statement which I have made before you. The inferiority which may be implied in the word colony no longer exists. We acknowledge the authority of the British Crown, but no other authority. (Cheers.) This privilege, however, is not ours alone; it is shared by the other great self-governing colonies which are represented here to-night, who have sent their envoys to aid us in celebrating the glorious deeds of the founders of this country, as well as the exploits of Wolfe and Montcalm, Murray and Lévis. I have reason to believe that His Royal Highness made much sacrifice to come here to attend this celebration; but it must be a source of some satisfaction to him to

be able to report to his father, the King, that he found in Canada a loyal and contented people."

After a sympathetic reference to Newfoundland, with a little good-natured banter about her coyness with regard to entering the Dominion, he continued:

"Next comes Australia, represented here by the Earl of Dudley. We will watch her career with the deepest interest. Seven years ago she undertook to do what we did over forty years ago. She established a federation of the various states. Australia chose, in establishing her constitution, to imitate the United States to a greater extent than Canada. I am not at all sure that she was wise in proceeding in this manner.....

"I had hoped to see here, besides the distinguished Chief Justice, the Premier of the latest British self-governing dominion. With the approval of His Excellency, I endeavoured to induce General Botha to come to Canada to attend this tercentenary celebration. Premier Botha could not come, however; but he wrote me a letter which I think it well to communicate to you here this evening, and to the whole country as well. In reply to my letter he wrote as follows :

"'*My dear Sir Wilfrid Laurier*:—

"'I was indeed very pleased to receive your letter of the 8th ultimo, with your good wishes. I feel

honoured at your invitation to represent South Africa at the Quebec celebrations and I assure you that it would have afforded me the greatest pleasure if I could have been present there; but I am sorry to say that it is impossible for me to go away now.

"'After consultation with the other Prime Ministers, we agreed that South Africa could not be more suitably represented than by the Chief Justice of the Cape Colony—Sir Henry de Villiers—South Africa's most prominent jurisconsult and a man of whom every true South African is proud. He does not represent any political party and, what we considered especially appropriate, he is of French descent.

"'It is a great pleasure to me to see that you are following events in South Africa with interest. It is our intention to follow in the footsteps of Canada as soon as possible.

"'Believe me, yours very sincerely,

"'Louis Botha.'"

"It is to be remembered that the man who wrote this letter was, from the Dutch point of view, the hero of the war, as we have here with us to-night Field Marshal Lord Roberts, who was the real hero of the war from the British standpoint. (Cheers.)

Only five years after the war, that gentleman has become a most loyal British subject. (Cheers.) The war was only five years old when the British nation took the somewhat doubtful alternative of granting South Africa self-government. I am tempted to use an expression which has been used elsewhere in a far different sense, and to say that England staggered the world by her magnanimity. General Botha's own reply to the foreigner who said that nothing could exceed the bravery of the Boers was, 'No, nothing but the magnanimity of the British.' (Cheers.) Here we find the people who were at war with England a few years ago preparing to establish a confederation. 'It is our intention to follow in the footsteps of Canada,' declared General Botha. This means that in South Africa, as in Canada, we shall find two nations working together for the common weal, in building up a free country under the British flag, in peace, liberty and good will.

"I will therefore ask you to stand and drink to the self-governing dominions, to Newfoundland, Australia, and New Zealand, and last, but not least, and perhaps in some respects the foremost in our thoughts, South Africa."

The Hon. J. Stewart Pitts then replied for Newfoundland. He was full of sympathy with the

Tercentenary, and admired the work of Confederation; but he declined the invitation to enter it which Sir Wilfrid had so kindly held out to him. Perhaps the fact that Newfoundland is the senior member of all Greater Britain, may possibly have something to do with her reluctance to enter the Dominion; but the principal reason undoubtedly is that she does not yet realize how advantageous such a union would be to most of her own interests.

The next reply came from H. E. the Earl of Dudley, Governor-General of Australia.

After returning his thanks, he proceeded:—

"No one, I imagine, could witness the vivid pageantry, the imposing ceremonies which are daily enacted before our eyes, without experiencing a feeling of boundless admiration for the man and for the deeds which these celebrations recall. No one, as His Royal Highness has so truly said, could watch the great warships lying at anchor beneath Quebec, or still less have a passage in one of them, without comparing the conditions of navigation to-day with those which existed in the time of Champlain and Cartier. When one pictures to one's-self the difficulties with which these men were confronted, when one thinks of their indomitable courage, their skilful seamanship, and their un-

flinching determination, one is filled, I think, with a great sense of humbleness. We bow to the memory of these mighty men with a feeling of anxious wonder in our hearts, whether we, of our day, are still made of the same tough fibre, and whether we, too, are capable of performing deeds as great as those which they accomplished. God grant that it is so; but in any case the contemplation of their lives and achievements, such as this celebration affords, cannot but have a most stimulating and inspiring effect upon our actions....."

Then came New Zealand's turn. Lord Ranfurly did not forget her greatest statesman, Richard Seddon, a democratic Imperialist of the finest type, to whom he paid a tribute even warmer than that which Sir Wilfrid Laurier had paid him when lamenting that death had carried off this "stalwart" to an untimely grave. Lord Ranfurly then continued:—

"It is strange that here you are celebrating the Tercentenary of the foundation of the country, while I had the privilege of being present at the fiftieth celebration of the raising of the British flag in the southern colony, New Zealand.....

"Now to-day, as their representative, I have the honour of handing to His Excellency the Governor-General, a cheque for £1,000, as a small

contribution, showing practically the sympathy of the people of New Zealand in this great movement of His Excellency the Governor-General for acquiring the battle-grounds of Quebec and thus honouring heroes whose names must ever remain green."

The next speaker was Sir Henry, (now Lord) de Villiers, Chief Justice of Cape Colony, whose representative quality was the most interesting of all, even in that great gathering, because he was the first man chosen by all the different parts of South Africa to represent them in their confederating capacity. In the course of a well-balanced speech he said:—

"We have not your rivers and lakes; but we have European races as virile as yours, and, after all, the greatness of a country depends as much upon the character of its people as upon its physical features. A large proportion of our people is descended from French Huguenots, and they have retained the faith of their forefathers, just as your French-Canadians have adhered to the old faith; but the same French blood flows through our veins. As to the Dutch of South Africa, their conduct during the recent war shows that they have not degenerated through being transplanted from the damp Netherlands to the sunny climes of

South Africa. With the blend of three such races as Anglo-Saxon, French and Dutch there is no need to despair of the future of South Africa. Difficulties such as the native question, which you have been free from, will have to be met; but we hope to surmount those difficulties just as you have surmounted yours.

"It should not be forgotten that the settlement of the Cape by European peoples began nearly fifty years after the settlement of the French in Canada under the auspices of your great Champlain. Just as he, with the keen eye of a great pioneer, fixed upon this grand site as the cradle of the nation still to be born, so did the Dutchman, Van Rubeik, fix upon the finest strategic spot in the world as the spot from which civilisation was to be spread northwards among the barbaric tribes of South Africa.

It is a pleasant dream to think that fifty years hence our children, having learned or read of the Quebec celebration of 1908, may be fired by the ambition again to follow in your footsteps by celebrating the Tercentenary of Van Rubeik's arrival and by inviting representatives from Canada and other parts of the Empire to take part in their rejoicings. It is pleasant to think that by that time there will be a great and growing dominion of South Africa in close communion

with other parts of the Empire, and having a Governor-General at its head If ever any foreign power should attempt to wrest South Africa from the British Empire, you may be quite sure that history will repeat itself, and just as the French-Canadians were foremost in defending their country against attacks from without, so the Dutch inhabitants will fight shoulder to shoulder with their Anglo-Saxon fellow-subjects for their King and country."

Then came the turn of the Provinces of Canada, whose health was proposed by Sir Lomer Gouin, Prime Minister of Quebec. He said:—

"..... The heroes of the Canadian past are regarded as common property. All are united in paying respectful homage to their memory, to whatever race they belong, and in preserving those historic monuments and spots which should be so sacred to us all. In fact, there is nothing that more strikingly shows how far the national idea has developed and progressed in the Dominion than the present union of hearts and hands to forget the conflicts of the past and to remember only the things which do honour to both races and which are worthy of perpetual veneration..... I specially couple with this toast the name of my esteemed friend, Sir

James Whitney, Premier of Ontario, because, at his patriotic suggestion, that province was the first to set the example of a generous contribution to the creation of an everlasting monument which will link closer together the different elements of the present generation, and transmit to posterity the memory of the valour of their common ancestors."

In his stirring reply Sir James Whitney said:—

"We are separate as the billows are separate, yet one as the sea.

"We, Sir, of the other Provinces respect and love our fellow subjects of Quebec for their intrinsic worth and for their attitude and aid in times of stress and peril. We cannot forget the answer sent when they were urged to join hands with a foreign power against the British Empire.

"We cannot forget Châteauguay, where the gallant de Salaberry performed the most scientific military feat of the war of 1812.

"Sir, within a mile of my birthplace, on the historic field of Chrysler's Farm, was done what Sir Nigel Loring would term a 'comfortable feat of arms.' And we cannot forget that there and then a company of French-Canadian voltigeurs reddened the soil of Upper Canada with their

blood in defence of British institutions and British connection.

"Nor can we forget the memorable words of Sir Etienne Taché, when he declared that 'the last shot fired in Canada in defence of British connection will be fired by a French-Canadian.'

"Sir, we could not forget these things if we would, and, on behalf of the other Provinces, I make bold to say that we would not forget them if we could. We revere the memories of the great men of Quebec, and I am proud indeed to be in a position to say that the appropriation made by Ontario to the scheme of nationalization of the battlefields was the spontaneous act of both parties in our Legislature, and has received only favourable criticism."

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales then rose and, amid the acclamations of all, proposed the final toast, which was to Lord Grey. He said:–

"If it were possible to propose the toast with which I am now entrusted to the whole population of the Dominion, it would, I am sure, be certain of a welcome no less enthusiastic, no less affectionate, than will be accorded to it by this distinguished company, for it is 'the health of my noble friend, the Governor-General.' We thank him heartily for his splendid hospitality of this evening; but a

deeper feeling of gratitude goes out from our hearts to him as the presiding genius over the memorable and magnificent events of this week.

"These gifts, so happily combined in Lord Grey, of sympathy, tact, imagination, energy and power of organization, have enabled him to initiate and carry to a successful issue the celebrations in which we all rejoice to be associated. We heartily congratulate him upon this happy outcome of all his labours and anxieties. I know you will also join with me in offering our congratulations to His Excellency upon the honours conferred upon him by the King, in creating him a member of His Majesty's Privy Council, and in the bestowal upon him of the highest class of the Order which is in the personal gift of the Sovereign.

"May he long be preserved to enjoy those honours, to continue his useful life in the service of his country, and to infuse among his fellow men the sympathy and enthusiasm of his large-hearted nature."

Lord Grey's reply, characteristically modest and manly, brought this memorable evening to a fitting close. He said:—

"*Your Royal Highness, My Lords and Gentlemen:*—

"To say that I am touched to the depth of my heart by the more than kind expressions which

Your Royal Highness has used in proposing this toast, would be only a feeble expression of my feelings at this moment. If I have, through the promotion of the Tercentenary, earned the approval of His Royal Highness and, through him, of my Sovereign, I have my reward. If, as His Royal Highness seems to suggest, I have earned the approval of the people of Canada, I again have my reward, and if I am correct in my belief, that the influences which will radiate from this Tercentenary week will tend to the unification of the Empire and to the strength and glory of the Crown, I shall have an abiding and abundant cause for thankfulness that I have had the privileged opportunity of helping this Tercentenary to be a success. I wish, however, to inform His Royal Highness, who has credited me with far too much merit, that the success of this celebration is due to the unstinted, ungrudging and splendid assistance from everyone, both governments and individuals, who have vied with each other in their endeavours to secure it."

The Seventh Day

Sunday was observed as a day of general thanksgiving, and special services were held in all the churches. The State service was in the Anglican

Cathedral, a singularly appropriate place for the purpose; as it was built, under the supervision of the Royal Engineers, partly by personal grants given by George III, who also gave the whole of the communion and altar plate. There has always been a special pew faced by the Royal arms. The Duke of Richmond lies buried beneath the chancel. The colours of the 69th Regiment were deposited there by the Duke of Connaught. The Archbishop of Canterbury preached the sermon when the centenary of the consecration was celebrated in 1904. Now, in 1908, the Heir to the Throne came to render thanks for the consummation of the tercentenary of the whole of Canada; and the Bishop referred in the most sympathetic terms to the great *Messe Solennelle* and the other services then being held by fellow-Christians throughout the grateful city of Quebec. His text was aptly taken from the Book of Joshua, that "mighty man of valour":—*And Joshua took a great stone and set it up here under an oak that was by the Sanctuary of the Lord. And Joshua said unto all the people, Behold, this stone shall be a witness unto you.*

The service in St. Andrew's Presbyterian church was also charged with historic memories, going back to the day when the first Highland Chaplain in Quebec preached a funeral sermon in the Jesuit

Barracks on the death of Wolfe, the second Sunday after the Battle of the Plains.

The *Messe Solennelle* on the Plains of Abraham was marked by unaffected sincerity and grandeur, from the first strains of the Priests' March, as a processional, to the final elevation of the Host, when all those tens of thousands

> knelt upon the simple sod
> And sued *in formâ pauperis* to God.

The Duke of Norfolk and Lord Lovat, two distinguished Roman Catholics from Protestant Great Britain, were present as worshippers.

The Eighth Day

On Monday the 27th the Prince went down to spend an informal morning at the Château Bellevue, thirty miles below Quebec. Here he strolled about freely, meeting the *curé* and *habitant* in familiar intercourse, with such lively satisfaction on both sides, as to prompt the suggestion that another and longer Royal visit of an intimate kind could hardly fail to have the happiest results. There could be no mistake about it, the Prince was thoroughly enjoying himself. Not that the same

was not true on other occasions. He took far more than an official interest in the whole Celebration. No one could have had a keener appreciation of its profound significance. Moreover, the fact that his appreciation was based on real personal knowledge and insight both deepened and heightened his enjoyment. This day was the least formal of his visit, and it brought him into closer personal contact than had ever yet been established between the *habitant chez soi* and any British Sovereign.

The Château Bellevue was built in 1779 by Mgr. Briand, the French-Canadian Bishop of Quebec who, in 1799, ordained a solemn thanksgiving for the victory of the Nile, won by the greatest member of the great Service to which the Prince himself belonged. It stands in the estate bought by Laval more than a century before, and has always been used as the summer residence of the priests attached to the Quebec Seminary. An hour or two after lunch the Prince started for Quebec in a motor, which stopped at a central point in each of the parishes by the way, when the *curé* and chief parishioners had the honour of being presented and of having a few minutes' chat with their future King.

The rest of the day was occupied with a Naval regatta, a reception on board the French flagship, a reception given by the town of Levis to the des-

cendants of Lévis, and, at night—a densely dark night—with a display of fireworks from the fleet, which was simultaneously attacked by a flotilla of torpedo boats. This very spectacular scene was viewed by the Prince from the Citadel, where the Governor-General gave him a farewell dinner.

The Ninth Day

This, Tuesday, morning the Prince went about among the townsfolk in the French-Canadian quarters of St. Roch and St. Sauveur, and planted a tree in Victoria Park, on the banks of the St. Charles While all eyes were fixed on this ceremony a little girl had climbed through the ropes and got into the Royal enclosure in her anxiety to see the Prince. When he looked up, after throwing the last shovelful of earth round the root of the new elm, he caught sight of her, and immediately stepped forward, took her by the hand and started off with her on the lookout for her mother, who stood, covered with confusion, among the crowds outside. Having brought mother and child together, he spent several minutes chatting with the people, and only left after shaking hands with all the labourers and their wives who were within reach.

The afternoon was mostly devoted to the children, for whose benefit there were immense displays of day fireworks in Victoria Park and upon the Plains, where the Prince spent half-an-hour enjoying the fun with these little future subjects of his. Later on there was a farewell garden party at Spencer Wood, the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, and, in the evening, a farewell dinner on board the *Indomitable*.

The same night the Parliament Buildings were given over to the Historical Ball, where every period was illustrated, from Jacques Cartier's discovery to the war of 1812.

Two classes of people stood out distinctly from their fellows at the Ball, those whose costumes and those whose blood were "real." Authentic costumes represent no little outlay of trouble and expense and the wearers of such looked as interesting as trouble and expense could make them. The actual descendants of the great historic figures whom they impersonated might perhaps for once, even in our democratic community, be allowed to indulge in a little of the pride of race.

The Last Three Days

The Prince's departure in the early morning of the 29th of July was as quiet as his arrival a week

before had been full of ceremonial. The tides made an early start necessary. The British fleet weighed at dawn in silence, and went gliding down the River in line ahead. There was a filmy mist over the surface, almost up to the top level of the high, scarped banks. The sky was grey, the mist greyer, the ebbing waters greyer still, and, deepest grey of all, the two-mile-long procession of stern leviathans, rounding the Point of Levis, as if they were being drawn down stream on a single chain of Neptune's piloting.

The Prince had left a farewell letter for the Governor-General, who communicated it at once to the whole Dominion. Among many other cordial expressions were the following:—

"I shall return home with a lasting sense of satisfaction that it was possible to avail myself of the kind invitation of the Canadian Government to take part in the memorable events of the past week, and that I was thus able to help you and the people of Quebec in giving effect to the great conception you had formed for doing worthy honour to the Tercentenary of Quebec, and to the joint memories of Wolfe and Montcalm. It is my earnest hope that this movement may be still further supported, and that no efforts will be relaxed to ensure the consummation of the work which has been so happily inaugurated.

"Upon the interesting and impressive pageant I have already dwelt in a letter addressed to the Mayor; but I desire to express, through your Excellency, to the National Battlefields Commission, and to Mr. Lascelles, the Master of the Pageantry, my sincerest congratulations upon the marvellous results achieved by their historical research, artistic feeling, and untiring energy. Similarly do I congratulate all the authorities, official and honorary, upon the unqualified success which has characterized every incident and detail of the celebrations.

"The manner in which the other Provinces joined with Quebec, and gave both moral and material support to the idea of the Tercentenary celebrations, must do much to strengthen those ties of common feeling and mutual trust so essential to the unity and strength of the Dominion."

That evening, after the Pageant, the Iroquois Indians honoured Mr. Lascelles by making him a chief. Their Indian name for him could not have been better. It was *Tehonikonraka*, and it means "a man full of resource." The whole ceremony was conducted strictly according to the ancient traditions of the Iroquois. The teepees were all painted with the totems of their owners, the eagle on one, the beaver, tortoise, moose, bear and cariboo on others. The feast was spread on long

tables in the open air, and the elder braves sat down first, while the younger ones waited on them. On rising all gathered round an enormous bonfire. Presently, the great Head Chief, "American Horse" began to beat the war-drum, and, on being questioned by the next Chief, answered that a Pale-face was to be made a member of the tribe. Thereupon another Chief rose up and said that the new brave was not only worthy of becoming a member, but of being made a Chief as well. This met with deep grunts of satisfaction all round, and Chief Sozay at once gave the new Chief a necklet of wampum to signify that he was received with good will proportionate to the good will he had himself shown toward his fellows. The plume of honour was then added and a Chief's headdress of eagle's feathers was placed on his head. Mr Lascelles was now in full costume, as he had come to the feast in his Indian buckskins. The five Great Chiefs then placed their hands on him together and broke into the tribal song of initiation. A war dance followed, and he had become a Chief for life.

The French and American Squadrons left the next day; farewells were said all round; and the whole Celebration was brought to a fitting close by a free performance of the Pageant for fifteen thousand children who had not been able to see it before. It was a noteworthy and highly credit-

able fact that nearly all the hard-worked amateur performers were present at this performance, despite fatigue and the innumerable calls on their time and attention elsewhere. The historic armies, in particular, never had a better muster, even on the day when they had paraded before their future King.

Epilogue

The Quebec Tercentenary was the greatest work of art ever conceived, prepared and carried out in Canada. It was the flower of the national life brought to perfection by the skill of many minds, exactly at the propitious moment. It was racy of the soil, every finest element of which went to the growing of it. It had its business basis; but never were dollars spiritualized to better purpose. It commemorated the highest forms of public service in statesmanship, war, and religion. The commemoration itself demanded, and happily found, a high sense of service in all its participants. It touched the very springs of the intellectual life and, for once, the waters flowed, to the delight and wonder of a whole people.

A moral is a poor thing to draw, when it is revealed by the tale itself. A lay sermon is a still poorer thing when it can only be preached to the converted, who agree with it in advance, or to

the wilful heathen, who simply stop their ears, or again to the merely indifferent. But the Tercentenary was such a wonderfully inspiring revelation of Canada's higher life, and it so made even her Philistines transcend their wonted themes for one glorious moment, that perhaps the trite and obvious moral of it may be worth drawing, after all.

All human activities are divided into the three forms of business, religion and service. In terms of service they might be called the service of self, the service of God, and the service of man. In terms of the mind, they might also be called the body, soul and spirit of life. Not that these three divisions must be pressed too far. An individual, a people, and the world at large, must always be in touch with all of them, or suffer disastrous imperfection. But, on the whole, they are three essential divisions, calling for three different qualities within the body politic, the health of which depends upon the harmonious correlations between them, both in the individual and in the mass. To prove the necessity of these correlations we need only observe the fatal effects of the modern divorce between use and beauty.

"Business is business"—there is no truer, no better, saying than that. Business is business; it is the service of self, the body of life. It is

absolutely indispensable: we can no more live without business than we can live without bodies. It is entirely honourable. We owe ourselves the right to see that the material basis of life is well and truly laid. It has and should have a universal appeal in the sense that it enters, and ought to enter, into the daily routine of every man, woman and child in the world, and that it is, and ought to be, the main pursuit of the great mass of men everywhere and, more particularly, in a new country like Canada. Business, in the widest acceptation of the word, includes every possible form of the honest money-making vocation, no matter what it is, as well as the "business side" of all the Churches, of armies, navies, public services, pure science and the five great branches of art—literature, music, painting, sculpture and architecture. Nevertheless, as we never tire of saying to, and at, each other, "business isn't everything." Yet Canada, now so temptingly exploitable, is in danger of becoming absorbed in the pursuit of commerce, which, admirable in its own sphere, may burst all bounds, and usurp the time and attention that should be given to the higher life.

Machinery, which is so excellent when only doing work that cannot be better done by hand, and when never occupying so much time and at-

tention as to kill the soul and spirit and warp the bodies of those who manage it, has nowhere yet been limited to its proper sphere. And just as man has nowhere duly restricted the sphere of machinery so he has nowhere learned how to exploit Nature without destroying as much in one direction as he develops in another. These evils are universal. They are intensified by the stress of competition in the material things of life. For no people can afford to fall too far behind others. The only hope, then, is to reduce the totality of human effort now being wasted on materialised excess. This excess is becoming universal. The dollar is the universal unit of measurement. A thing of beauty is no joy for ever unless its market price is shouted from the house-tops. Some time ago a few discerning men employed an architect to design a beautiful bridge; but nearly every paper recommended it to the public simply as "a three-million dollar bridge." If anyone, particularly an outsider, ventures to protest against such a standard of valuation as this, he is immediately hooted down as an enemy to business and progress and what not. Yet he is no worse than a doctor anxious only to rid his patient of the obvious source of his disease. Indeed, it is the business people of all kinds who suffer first, restricted as they are to a single form of activity, when a pro-

portionate amount of all three forms—business, service and religion—is absolutely required to make the best of life. There is not, and never has been, anything so universally debasing as the abuse—not the use—of wealth, so subtly calculated to make men mistake comfort for civilization, and so certain to substitute a mere groundling existence for the fulness of life.

The Quebec Tercentenary, then, commemorated the triumph of real life over mere existence; a triumph vindicated, paradoxical as it may seem to the materialist, nowhere more tellingly than in the history of the heroic deaths of our national saints and heroes. Better a wild, drear world, which calls for service such as this, than a universal tameness which evokes nothing but the smug self-satisfaction of perfect safety. It was magnificent to see Protestants of every kind doing honour to the fearless zeal of the early Jesuit martyrs, and all creeds alike giving thanks for the harmony that made the Celebration possible. Quite apart from all questions of religious creed, it may be truly said that anyone for whom the spiritual life has any meaning could have entered into the spirit of the celebration.

The fact that there ever was any celebration at all proves that there is some statesmanship in Canada. Yet how little we have, or want to have,

except as a branch of business! One is almost tempted to regret that political freedom is so fully won that there is nothing to fight for now, in ordinary times, except the biggest share of the loaves and fishes. How shrill reformers are about rights, and how silent about duties! Who is not stirred by Milton's thrilling apostrophe to Parliament?—"Ye Lords and Commons of England! Consider what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors: a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtile and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest human capacity can soar to." That Parliament had nine generations of political wisdom less than ours; and it knew nothing of what a blatant public calls up-to-date civilisation. Yet, in essentials, what comparison is there between its members and those of our Parliaments to-day? Free self-government before all else; but free self-government with the knowledge that it will never answer our higher purposes unless we can produce a high type of leaders. A country like ours, which has led a sheltered life for a century, protected by the earthly providence of the *Pax Britannica*, and devoting much of its best type of character and intellect to the exploitation of material resources, is indeed in some danger of

adopting too low a standard of public life and of public service. The result can only be to produce national unfitness, leading straight to collapse in the face of a national crisis. The Celebrations, with their "reminder" of the great past of Canada and of the Empire drove home the lesson that in the last resort national existence depends on national heroism.

Another point in statesmanship that should touch us all most intimately is the relations between our two races. We have dwelt insistently on this already; but may return to it, to ask why more of our educated English-speaking Canadians will not try to see how questions appear to French-speaking Canadians. Remember that though French-speaking Canadians often make English the language of the head, they always keep French as the language of the heart. Lastly, though some might think this beneath the dignity of statesmanship, why did we miss the golden opportunity of giving the children an object-lesson for life? The Germans send their brightest school children to Kiel, to see the High Seas Fleet; and their Reichstag votes their Navy Bill. The Japanese put their children in the front row whenever there is anything of national importance to see; and they have come into the circle of great World-Powers at a single spring. Why did we have no

Cadets at our Royal Review? There was nothing the Prince would have seen more gladly. Why were a few picked school children not sent from every Province to see Tercentennial Quebec?

For the Tercentenary deserves to be remembered in Canadian history just because it was a witness to the real sources of national efficiency and an inspiration for the future of Canada in intellectual and artistic achievement. Canada must continue to breed heroes and patriots if she is to become worthy of national existence. The Canadian public must continue to appreciate and encourage the artistic impulse which is assuredly latent in the people, if Canada is ever to set over against her material expansion a corresponding contribution to the higher life, emotional and intellectual, of the future. In so far as it pointed the way to such a rounding out of the national life, the Tercentenary will not have been in vain.

The material basis of national existence is an essential part of it, yet only as a mere means to greater ends. In itself it dies with the achievement of those ends; and so would all our own statistical glories, if Canada were to be blotted out to-morrow. But the discoverers would live—Jacques Cartier, Champlain and La Salle; and the early Jesuits, and Laval, and La Mère Marie de l'Incarnation; and Frontenac, Wolfe and Mont-

calm, Carleton, de Salaberry and Brock, with their armies, and the South African Contingents; and the Fathers of Confederation;—and so would this great Tercentenary, which, for the nonce, made the whole life of Canada

Rich in the simple worship of a day.

PART III.

The Pageant

EIGHT hundred miles from the open sea the mighty lift of an eighteen-foot spring tide will carry you through those Narrows of the St. Lawrence which the Indians called Kebeck. Here an ocean meets a continent, and here the Old World meets the New; and all the approaches are surrounded with befitting majesty. For a hundred miles you have been coming up a water avenue ten miles wide, bordered by the sheer Laurentians on the north and by gentler hill-horizons on the south. Then, thirty miles below the port, you enter the South Channel of Orleans, where the narrow view is closed in by lesser heights, and humanized by bright scenes of cultivation and white little villages. Suddenly the scene becomes vaster than before. As you pass the West Point of the Island of Orleans you can hardly believe that the leaping flash of Montmorency Falls, to the right, is a hundred feet higher than Niagara; yet in front is the Citadel, another hundred higher still. The Bason

is like a lake; its farther shore—the well named *Côte de Beaupré*—continues down the North Channel of Orleans into the blue distance; and behind and beyond all are the Laurentians again, sweeping round, from where you left them below the Island, in an enormous northern semicircle of eighty miles. Even this is only one-third of the panorama that greets you from the Plains of Abraham, whose tableland forms a long, narrow promontory, between the St. Lawrence and the Valley of the St. Charles. For there you find yourself on a natural stage, in an amphitheatre two-thirds of which is formed by the far-spreading uplands that stretch away to the corresponding curve of the mountains on the South.

Like an ancient Greek, choosing a site for a theatre that was to be part of the scenery surrounding it, Mr. Lascelles chose the best among the good. His open stage for five thousand performers and his auditorium for fifteen thousand spectators stood between the fields of the first and second Battles of the Plains, overlooking a magnificent and most historic reach of the St. Lawrence. Wooded ground, sloping down to the right, afforded cover to the multitude of actors, without hiding the view beyond. Through it runs the path up which Wolfe climbed to victory. A half-mile further up stream is Sillery Point, where the first

French challenge rang out; and half channel over is where Wolfe recited Gray's *Elegy* when making his last reconnaissance in a boat, the day before the battle. Close in under the cliff is Champlain Street, along which Montgomery led his Americans to death and defeat in 1775. And a few yards from where he fell is the wharf where the first Canadian Contingent embarked for South Africa in 1899.

The River, the great fleet-bearing River, which has been the highway of history since Canada began, calls up even more memories than the land, and remains the strongest of all links between the past and future of the country. Here Jacques Cartier sailed by in 1541 to build his fort at Cap Rouge. Here many another eager pioneer, haunted by splendid visions of the golden East, went seeking that westward New-World passage to Cathay which is still commemorated in the place-name of La Chine. Here ocean liners now go by with the hosts of immigration, equally eager, in a more sober way, but set upon finding homes where their forerunners only saw an obstructive waste. Such was the setting of the Pageant.

The Pageant itself was worthy of its setting. It consisted of nine scenes, covering the whole history of Canada, made at Quebec, from Jacques Cartier's discovery in 1535 to the war of 1812. It took

nearly three hours, and was performed on eight afternoons during the twelve days' celebration. The following were the scenes:—

SCENE I.—JACQUES CARTIER discovers STADACONA (*Quebec*) in 1535.

SCENE II.—JACQUES CARTIER at the Court of FRANCIS I in 1536.

SCENE III.—CHAMPLAIN receives his commission from HENRI IV in 1608.

SCENE IV.—CHAMPLAIN at QUEBEC in 1620.

SCENE V.—The URSULINE and HOSPITALIÈRE Nuns arrive at QUEBEC in 1639.

SCENE VI.—DOLLARD saves Canada from the Iroquois in 1660.

SCENE VII.—LAVAL, the first Bishop, receives TRACY, the King's personal Vice-Roy for all America, in 1665.

SCENE VIII.—FRONTENAC repulses the first American invasion of Canada by answering PHIPS "from the mouth of my cannon" in 1690.

SCENE IX.—MARCH PAST of the HISTORIC ARMIES:—The FRENCH ARMY of 1759 and 1760 under MONTCALM and LÉVIS, with the BRITISH ARMY of the same years under WOLFE and MURRAY. On the right of these are the FRENCH- and ENGLISH-SPEAKING BRITISH forces, under CARLETON, who repelled the second American invasion, in 1775; and, on the left, the FRENCH-, ENGLISH-, and INDIAN-SPEAKING BRITISH forces, under DE SALABERRY, BROCK and TECUMSEH, who repelled the third American invasion in 1812.

Mr. Lascelles had enormous difficulties. But his was a supreme opportunity, and he achieved a perfect success. Others helped him over the difficulties, and the opportunity was none of his making; yet this in no way detracts from the glory that is his own. The opportunity, if only because it was supreme, was not to be taken by any but a great artist. Nature and history had made the scene and setting so perfectly harmonious that one false note would have ruined all. There was no such false note in the Pageant, though

Mr. Lascelles knew practically nothing about the history which he was to reproduce, till he landed in Canada to do in four months what it had taken him more than twice as long on familiar ground in England the year before. It is also true that he had an unusually good personnel to work with, because so many descendants of the actual people whose story he was to tell were taking congenial parts; but this had its corresponding danger, for it would appear that performers who represent their own ancestors are apt to be very critical of outside control. Yet his control was never resented, partly because it was equally efficient and sympathetic, and partly because he had an infallible instinct for knowing exactly where control ended and interference began. Then, he was a strong man, where strength was urgently needed; and, like all strong and sympathetic leaders, he was soon at the head of an army, when a weaker character would have been the sport of a mob. Even this does not not complete the tale of his triumph, for, in addition to all other difficulties, he was an Englishman who had to manage a French Pageant. Not a word of English, as we have said, was spoken in any one of the nine scenes, except by Phips's envoy, who was soon obliged to repeat his message in French. Surely this was the crowning glory!

The libretto requires a word of explanation. It was published in a pamphlet with the following title page:

PAGEANTS DU TRICENTENAIRE DE QUEBEC

Mise en scène par M. Frank Lascelles.

Dialogues et Discours par M. Ernest Myrand, Secrétaire du Comité d'Histoire et d'Archéologie.

Musique préparée par M. Joseph Vézina, Président du Comité de Musique.

Typ. Laflamme & Proulx, Québec, 1908.

It was in French only, and was quite separate from the Pageant Book, which was supposed to give historical and other information in both languages. The well-written dialogues were considerably shortened in the acting; but, as they preserve the form and spirit of the scenes in which they were used, they will be freely quoted here in the original.

The incidental music consisted of four different kinds:—1. A little modern music was introduced here and there, when no special historical signi-

ficance could be attached to it. 2. A couple of minor pieces were specially written for the occasion. 3. Contemporary pieces were played whenever there was any proof of their having been played in the actual circumstances which the Pageant was reproducing. 4. Folksongs were sung whenever they were known to have been sung during the real event, and wherever they were felt to be appropriate to the representation.

These folksongs were among the most interesting features of the Pageant and, indeed, of the whole celebration. French-Canadian folklore, like French-Canadian speech, is almost entirely old French, carried oversea by the most conservative of emigrants, and kept alive in Canada ever since. In some ways a Frenchman among the *habitants* experiences the same thrill as an Englishman would if he were to find a people still talking as his forbears used to talk at Warwick Fair when Shakespeare haunted it. The *habitant* speech is not at all a debased form of any standard language; but mostly old French, with a preponderance of Norman peculiarities, with many nautical and a few military terms used with reference to everyday affairs, and with some excellent Franco-Canadianisms which have been developed by the new environment. The same is true of the folksong, words and music alike. Many of the best

songs of France—from the days when the songs were as plentiful as the apples in cider-drinking Normandy—are still sung in their uncorrupted forms in Canada, even in cases where they are now extinct in the *Mere-Patrie*. Nothing, indeed, brought the past and present into more intimate touch with each other than when Jacques Cartier's, Champlain's, or Frontenac's men in the Pageant would strike up the same folksongs that were as much alive to them to-day as to their ancestors who sang them in Canada two and three centuries ago. Great care was taken that these songs should not be tricked out with any latter-day incongruities to tickle the ordinary modern ear; and, where printed versions were referred to, only those of competent folklorists were used. The three principal authorities were these:—(1) *Histoire de la Chanson Populaire en France*. Julien Tiersot, Paris, 1889. (2) *Chansons Populaires du Canada*. Ernest Gagnon. Québec, 1908. (3) *Noëls Anciens de la Nouvelle-France*. Ernest Myrand. Québec, 1907.

[NOTE.—The Pageant was essentially a Quebec Pageant; but three features which commemorated events that happened elsewhere had to be included for the sake of unity. Jacques Cartier read the Gospel of St. John at Montreal, Dollard

left Montreal for the Long Sault of the Ottawa, and Brock and de Salaberry were a long way from Quebec when they won their victories at Châteauguay and Queenston Heights. But Quebec was the key of Canada on all these occasions, and her own history could not have been properly shown if these three features had been puristically omitted.]

SCENE I.

JACQUES CARTIER IN CANADA

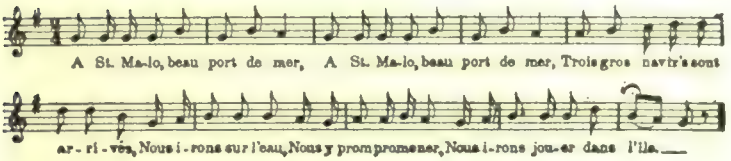
1535-6

The scene opens with the whole immense stage quite empty, except that on the farthest point of it, overlooking the St. Lawrence, a single Indian scout from the wigwams of Stadacona is scanning the horizon. His eagle's plume, lithe figure, and bow and arrow are sharply silhouetted against the background of the River, the southern half of which can be seen a mile away and three hundred feet below. The weather is perfect; and from the top of the auditorium you can see the whole natural amphitheatre of Quebec, enclosed by two hundred miles of encircling hills. There, on that one small point of cliff, stands that one, silent, watchful Indian, looking to see if either friend or

foe will come out of the illimitable wilds around him.

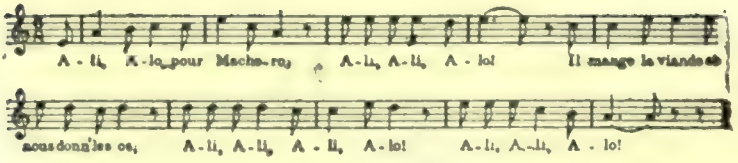
Suddenly he calls out the war-alarm, for he sees what none of his tribe has even dreamt of—three canoes of gigantic size, with masts and sails and strangely armed men on board of them. While this miraculous apparition holds the Indians spell-bound, Jacques Cartier and his crews land and march up the hill, singing a song that reminds these adventurers of the famous seaport from which they came:—

A SAINT-MALO, BEAU PORT DE MER



A Saint Malo, beau port de mer, (bis)
Trois gros navir's sont arrivés,
Nous irons sur l'eau,
Nous y prom' promener,
Nous irons jouer dans l'île.

Having sung the glory of Jacques Cartier's native town, like the good Malouins that they are, they break out into another song of *La mer du Nord*, so dear to their Breton hearts:—



Ali, alo, pour Machero;
Ali, ali, alo!
Il mange la viande
Et nous donne les os;
Ali, ali, alo!
Ali, ali, alo!

The first stupefaction over, the Indians think these wonderful strangers must be gods, they know not whence. Jacques Cartier has two interpreters with him, men from the neighbourhood of Quebec, whom he had taken home from the Gulf the previous year, when he found them fishing off the coast of Gaspé. He distributes gifts, and cordial relations are soon established. Presently, the Indians bring their palsied chief, Agouhanna, the Lord of the Country, for him to touch; on seeing which all the sick are brought forward to share the same blessing. The pious Breton Captain is abashed and turns to prayer and Holy Writ to guide him through:—

Jacques Cartier.—Eclairez-les, Seigneur, car ils me prennent pour un dieu!

(*Priant*) : A vos apôtres seuls et à vos saints il appartient d'opérer des miracles. Je ne suis pas digne, Seigneur, d'être l'instrument de votre puissance et le ministre de vos miséricordes.

Dieu éternel et tout puissant, Esprit Saint, auteur et dispensateur des Sept Dons, renouvelez en faveur de ces âmes et de ces corps malades le prodige du Cénacle. Et de même que vos apôtres parlaient des langues qu'ils n'avaient pas apprises, de même ces infidèles comprendront la langue inconnue que je parlerai en lisant l'Evangile leur apprenant, avec votre Nom, l'origine de la Lumière que vous avez créée et de la Vérité dont vous êtes le Verbe.

Jacques Cartier —Initium Sancti Evangelii secundum Joannem.

Les Français.—Gloria tibi, Domine.

Jacques Cartier.—In principio erat Verbum, et Verbum erat apud Deum, et Deus erat Verbum. Hoc erat in principio apud Deum..... ET VERBUM CARO FACTUM EST, (*Tous les Français tombent à genoux*) et habitavit in nobis, (et vidimus gloriam ejus, gloriam quasi Unigeniti a Patri), plenum gratiæ et veritatis.

Les Français.—Deo gratias.

Then the scene changes to the 3rd of May, 1536, when Jacques Cartier sets up a cross thirty-five

feet high, in token of his having taken possession of Canada for Christ and his King. The cross bears the 'scutcheon of France, with *fleurs de lys* and the inscription—FRANCISCUS PRIMUS DEI GRATIA FRANCORUM REX REGNAT. The Indians stand round in awe-struck silence, marvelling what this sign may mean.

Pendant que l'on élève la croix, l'un des aumôniers de Jacques Cartier récite à haute voix, recto tono, et très lentement, la prière suivante:

Dom Guillaume Le Breton.—Protege, Domine, plebem tuam, per signum sanctæ Crucis, ab omnibus insidiis inimicorum omnium: ut tibi gratam exhibeamus servitutem, et acceptabile fiat sacrificium nostrum.

Quand la croix est érigée, l'autre aumônier de Cartier récite à haute voix, recto tono, et très lentement aussi, les paroles suivantes:

Dom Anthoine.—Lumen ad revelationem gentium et gloriam plebis tuæ Israel.

Then Jacques Cartier takes Donnacona and several braves with him and sails away for France, to render an account of his discoveries to Francis I, the King in whose name he has made them.

The third scene begins with Jacques Cartier's apostrophe to the cross:—

Croix de Clovis, de Charlemagne, et de saint Louis, garde jusqu'à mon retour cette peuplade et ce royaume.

Eclaire de tes rayons les ombres de la mort où Stadaconé est assise.

Fais sentinelle, au nom du Christianisme et de la France, sur cette frontière de la Barbarie jusqu'à l'arrivée des missionnaires de l'Eglise et de la Civilisation!
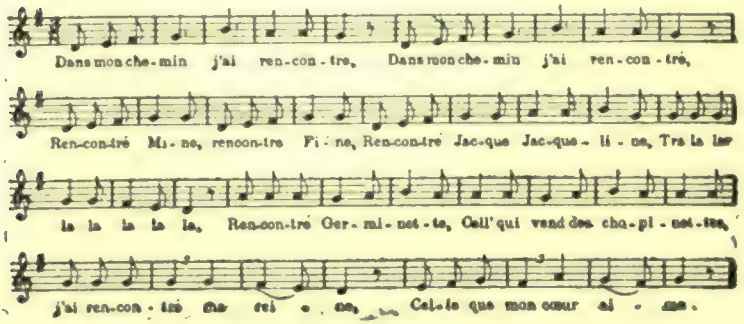
Comme un phare sur l'infini de la mer, brille sur l'immensité de cette terre enténébrée de paganisme, en attendant l'aurore, puis le grand jour de l'Evangile qui se lèvera demain sur le Canada tout entier.

(Il salue la Croix). *O crux Ave!*

The strangers have gone: only the Indians and the wilderness remain; but not as before. There stands the cross; a sign, a token, a symbol, a mystery. The scene ends, as it began, in perfect silence; but, instead of the single scout on the watch for enemies, there are all the wild inhabitants of Stadacona, gazing in awe at what they feel to be a strange new power that has come among them.

SCENE II.
JACQUES CARTIER AT COURT
1536

After a pause, all eyes are suddenly drawn to the distant glittering advance of a royal cavalcade, as it issues from the dense Forest of Fontainebleau across the glad light-green of the sunlit grass. For nearly half a mile it winds its brilliant length along, all gaiety of movement, colour and gallant life, from glinting hoof to quivering plume. The royal trumpeters sound a flourish and the King's musicians play a *Marche et Cortège*. The King and Queen ride under a canopy, while the hundreds of cavaliers and ladies of the court rein up in a respectful semicircle. But Francis is a gallant as well as a King, and at the royal behest a page bows low three times and begins a love-song on the well-known theme of *Celle que mon cœur aime:*—





Francis I. Receiving Jacques Cartier at Fontainebleau

From a painting by Frank Craig

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Published by His Majesty's Stationery Office



There must, however, be some more diversion for the pleasure of such a court; and the applause for the song has hardly ceased before the bushes are all astir with fauns and satyrs, who dance onward round the triumphal car of their own Queen, whose face—aglow with youthful loveliness of classic features, Southern colour, a lustrous eye and flashing smile—gave this interlude a charm that raised it into perfect harmony with the other glory of the scene. The *Danse des Faunes* is played by the King's music, reeds and violins predominating, while eight Greek girls with clashing cymbals lead in the little green-kirtled fauns, bare-armed, bare-legged and sandal-footed, with a fleece over one shoulder and a wreath of ivy in their hair. The fountains, the flowers, the Royal canopy, the splendid court, the cymbals, the music, the white-robed Greeks, the dancing fauns—all make a delight for every ear and eye.

The interest of the courtiers grows even more eager as the first Indian they have ever seen steps forward, makes obeisance and, in the clear, ringing tones of a man who is himself a king, tells of his own people and their vast dominions, stretching out from Kebeck—the Narrows of a stream so incontestibly first in all that land of waterways that *The Great River* is its only name.

Entre Jacques Cartier accompagné de Donnacona, des deux interprètes et de dix autres Sauvages canadiens. Mouvements de curiosité dans l'assistance.

Jacques Cartier.—Sire!

François Ier.—Loyal et fidèle serviteur, je suis heureux d'apprendre votre retour, et de vous remercier d'avoir bravé, une fois de plus, les dangers de l'Océan, pour la plus grande gloire et les meilleurs intérêts de Notre couronne. Que me rapportez-vous du Nouveau-Monde?

Jacques Cartier.—Je vous ai découvert et conquis trois royaumes!

(*Toute l'assistance répète d'un seul cri*:)—Trois royaumes!

Jacques Cartier.—Trois royaumes: celui de Saguenay, celui de Canada, dont voici le roi (*montrant Donnacona*) et celui d'Hochelaga. Leurs territoires réunis dépassent en superficie l'étendue de notre France. Je me suis même laissé dire que l'Europe y tiendrait!

François Ier.—Eh! capitaine-découvreur, dites-moi, ne me faites-vous point la part trop large dans la succession d'Adam? Vous saviez que j'enviais et jalousais mes frères, les rois d'Espagne et du Portugal; serait-il vrai que je fusse mieux nanti qu'eux?

Jacques Cartier.—Sur une montagne du royaume d'Hochelaga, il m'a été donné de voir un

spectacle si magnifique, qu'en présence de ce tableau enchanteur la pensée m'est venue d'appeler cette montagne Mont-Royal, car je souhaitai d'y voir placer votre trône. De là, vous auriez vu courir des chaînes de collines entre lesquelles s'étendait, à perte du regard, une plaine immense. Et au milieu de ces profondes solitudes comme à travers leurs épaisses forêts reposait, dans une majesté incomparable, un fleuve quatre fois large comme la Seine et qui se prolongeait, à l'ouest, vers des terres inconnues. Ces Sauvages, que voici, m'ont expliqué, par signes, que l'on pouvait naviguer sur ce fleuve merveilleux pendant plus de trois lunes, c'est-à-dire pendant plus de trois mois, sans rencontrer aucun obstacle.

François Ier.—Mais alors, c'est le chemin de la Chine que vous avez découvert!

Jacques Cartier.—J'en ai pour vous l'espérance! Voyez-vous d'ici s'ouvrir les portes de l'Occident? la France s'emparer, avant tout autre, du commerce de l'Inde, du Cathay, du Zipangu? car je crois tenir un passage plus court et plus avantageux que celui trouvé par Magellan aux îles fortunées du poivre et des épices.

(*L'assistance éclate en applaudissements.*)

François Ier.—Et maintenant, capitaine-découvreur, présentez-moi le roi de Canada.

Jacques Cartier fait un signe à Donnacona qui

s'avance avec majesté, regarde le roi, la reine, toute l'assistance, avec fierté.

Donnacona.—Quatgathoma!

François Ier.—Que dit-il?

Jacques Cartier.—Il dit : "Regardez-moi."

François Ier.—Il est superbe, ce Sauvage, il méritait d'être roi. (*Après un temps, à Donnacona*): —Quel est votre nom, mon ami?

Donnacona.—Donnacona.

François Ier.—Et vous êtes?

Donnacona.—Agouhanna!

François Ier.—Agouhanna! (*à Jacques Cartier*): Cela veut dire?

Jacques Cartier.—Roi, chef, prince, commandant.

François Ier.—Tenez-vous en au premier mot, capitaine, c'est le meilleur. Il traduit admirablement bien la majesté de cet Indien! J'ai lieu de croire que vous n'avez pas traité cet homme comme un prisonnier? Il méritait d'être mon hôte. Il le sera. Et je veux qu'on lui rende, au retour dans sa bourgade, ses pouvoirs et son titre de roi.

Agouhanna! Ce mot est joli à prononcer comme à entendre. On dirait de l'italien. (*Saluant la reine*): *Canada, Donnacona, Agouhanna! Hochelaga!* C'est délicieux! J'ai découvert une nouvelle langue pour parler aux femmes. (*Aux courtisans*): Il est heureux que la trouvaille soit de notre côté, Messieurs. (*à Jacques Cartier, lui dé-*

signant Donnacona): Demandez-lui de m'adresser la parole.

Donnacona (*avec dignité*).—Aignaz!

François Ier (*à Jacques Cartier*):—C'est-à-dire?...

Jacques Cartier—Je vous salue!

François Ier (*à Donnacona*).—Aignaz!

Donnacona.—Segada, tigneny, asche, honnacon, ouiscon, indahir, ayaga, addegue, madellon, assem (*puis il répète, en présentant la jeune fille*): assem, agnyaquesta.

François Ier (*souriant*).—Très bien, mon ami, parfaitement. Je ne comprends absolument rien. Vous avez la voix très belle et ce sera délice que de vous entendre parler français... l'an prochain.

La Jeune Indienne (*s'approchant du roi*):—Votre Majesté...

François Ier (*stupéfait*).—Comment! elle parle français? où donc l'a-t-elle appris?

La Jeune Indienne.—A Stadaconé, dans ma bourgade, en soignant les malades du capitaine Cartier que le sel empoisonnait.

François Ier.—Que veux-tu pour ta récompense?

La Jeune Indienne (*amèrement*).—Ma récompense! je l'ai déjà reçue des Visages Pâles. Je les avais arrachés à la mort et ils m'ont arrachée à mon pays!

François Ier.—Et tu voudrais y retourner?

La Jeune Indienne.—Pour le revoir seulement, je traverserais la mer à la nage!

François Ier.—Le capitaine Cartier te ramènera au Canada à son prochain voyage. Je t'en donne ma parole de roi!

On the royal command the two interpreters, Taiguragny and Domagaya, give an account of their country; and are followed by Jacques Cartier, who, to the intense astonishment of everyone, makes them light their big stone pipes and show the King how to smoke tobacco. After this, Francis calls the Bishop of St. Malo before him, and then and there gives him ecclesiastical jurisdiction over the whole of Canada:—

François Ier (*à l'évêque de Saint-Malo, François Bohier*).—Monsieur de Saint-Malo, je désire vous honorer publiquement en vous adressant ici la parole.

L'an dernier, dans votre cathédrale, vous avez, par vos prières, attiré le regard de Dieu sur mon serviteur, le capitaine Jacques Cartier, et appelé sur ce dernier la bénédiction du Maître de la Mer et du Vent. Votre voix a été entendue, car jamais expédition, depuis Christophe Colomb, ne fut plus heureuse que celle-ci.

Nous sommes aujourd'hui confirmés dans la nouvelle qu'il existe et que nous possédons en Amérique Septentrionale trois royaumes dont les super-

ficies réunies forment un territoire si vaste que le manteau bleu de l'Atlantique ne les couvrirait pas de sa largeur.

La générosité de la Providence à mon égard a dépassé ce que l'ambition du monarque le plus insatiable aurait pu rêver. Il faut en remercier Dieu, notre Maître à tous, et lui offrir les prémices de la terre même qu'il me donne en héritage, des prémices qui soient à la fois dignes et de sa magnificence infinie, et de notre reconnaissance éternelle. A Lui les âmes de ces Sauvages ici présents: qu'elles soient les pierres vivantes, les pierres d'assise du temple que nous élèverons à sa gloire. Je les confie, Monsieur de Saint-Malo, à votre sollicitude pastorale.

The trumpets then sound, the music recommences, and the whole Court files off in the *suite* of the King and Queen, who lead them back, in the same long and brilliant procession, to the Forest of Fontainebleau.

SCENE III.

CHAMPLAIN AT COURT

1608

This scene shows Henry IV giving Champlain a commission to take possession of the country dis-

covered by Jacques Cartier for Francis I. The whole aspect of the stage has been changed in the twinkling of an eye. The Court is in the Presence Chamber, enclosed by walls of high, white tapestry, inwrought with the golden fleur-de-lys. A smooth blue carpet is spread for the Pavane, which is danced by a hundred courtiers to the original music, before the King and Queen, who have entered with their guards and suite and taken their seats on the throne of France.

The first ceremony is the reading of the letters patent in favour of de Monts, who, some years before, had made a voyage to Tadousac at his own expense and for his own pleasure: he was, in fact, the first tourist who ever set foot in Canada. His name is commemorated on the Lower St. Lawrence by Pointe de Monts, a place well known to many generations of sailing-ship captains.

"HENRY, par la grâce de Dieu, roi de France et de Navarre: à nos aimés et féaux conseillers les officiers de Notre Amirauté de Normandie, Bretagne, Picardie et Guyenne, et à chacun des dits endroits et en l'étendue de leur juridiction et destroits: Salut.

"NOUS avons pour beaucoup d'importantes occasions accordé, commis et établi le Sieur de Monts, gentilhomme ordinaire de Notre Chambre, Notre

lieutenant-général pour peupler et habiter les terres, côtes et pays d'Acadie et autres circonvoisins en l'étendue du quarantième degré jusqu'au quarante-sixième;.....
....."Nous faisons ces expresses inhibitions et défenses à tous marchands et capitaines de navires, matelots et autres nos sujets, de quelque état, qualité et condition qu'ils soient, sauf ceux qui sont entrés en association avec le dit Sieur de Monts pour la dite entreprise selon les articles et conventions d'icelles par Nous arrêtés ainsi que dit ici, d'équipper aucuns vaisseaux et en iceux aller ou envoyer faire trafiquer ou troc de pelleteries ni autres choses avec les Sauvages, fréquenter, négocier et communiquer durant le temps de dix ans, depuis le Cap de Raze jusques au quarantième degré, comprenant toute la côte de l'Acadie, terres du Cap Breton, baie de Saint Clair et des Chaleurs, îles Percé, Gaspé, Mettan, Tadoussac et la Rivière de Canada....."

The commission read, de Monts calls Champlain to his side, and the King opens the conversation:—

Henri IV (*à de Monts*):—Maintenant que vous êtes mon lieutenant-général en la Nouvelle-France, que ferez-vous? Avez-vous arrêté le plan de votre nouvelle expédition?

De Monts.—J'ai délibéré, Sire, de me fortifier dans un endroit de la rivière de Canada que les Sauvages nomment Kébec, à quarante lieues au-dessus de Saguenay, pour le désir de pénétrer plus avant dans les terres occidentales, et dans l'espérance de parvenir un jour à la Chine.

Henri IV.—Fort bien, Monsieur.

De Monts.—J'aurais cependant une dernière grâce à solliciter?

Henri IV.—Dites sans crainte, mon cher de Monts. Mes faveurs n'égalent pas encore les services que vous m'avez autrefois rendus pendant les troubles de la Ligue.

De Monts.—J'ai choisi pour mon lieutenant particulier dans la présente expédition Samuel de Champlain, capitaine ordinaire en la marine royale, et je désirerais faire confirmer ce choix, s'il agrée à Votre Majesté.

Henri IV.—Très volontiers! (*souriant à de Monts*): Vous et moi savons bien choisir nos lieutenants!

(*à Champlain*): Approchez, M. de Champlain. Votre personne et vos mérites Nous sont connus. Déjà le Commandeur Aymar de Chastes m'avait fait cet éloge que M. de Monts répète aujourd'hui et que cinq années de nouveaux et inestimables services justifient davantage. La France vous doit sa bonne renommée en Amérique.



The "Don de Dieu" at Quebec.
From a Photograph

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Votre constance à suivre une entreprise, votre fermeté dans les plus grands périls, votre sagacité toujours en éveil et toujours prompte à saisir un parti dans les affaires les plus épineuses, la droiture de vos vues, l'honneur et la probité de votre conduite, tout cela, Monsieur, me confirme dans la résolution que j'ai présentement de vous faire reprendre et poursuivre l'héroïque expédition de Jacques Cartier. Je vous crois digne de lui succéder, d'exercer comme lui un sacerdoce politique, de lire comme lui l'Evangile en guise de proclamations royales, et d'arborer les armes de France sur la croix du Christ, aussi loin que vous pourrez marcher à l'Ouest du Nouveau Monde. Dites-moi, M. de Champlain, acceptez-vous?

CHAMPLAIN.—Vous ne songez, Sire, à étendre votre domination dans les pays infidèles que pour y faire régner Jésus-Christ, et vous estimez, comme nos rois, vos prédécesseurs, que le salut d'une âme vaut mieux, lui seul, que la conquête d'un grand empire!
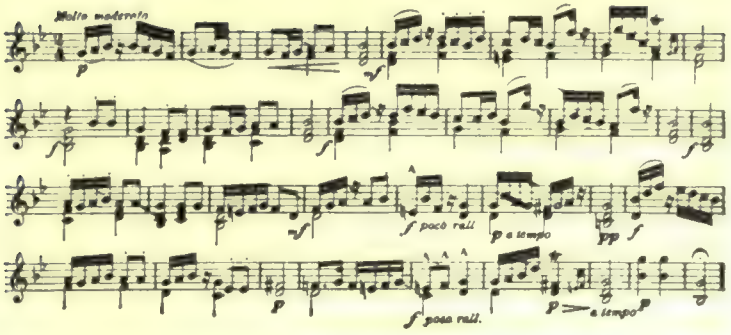
S'il y a en Europe des provinces à conquérir, en Amérique c'est plus qu'un royaume, c'est un Nouveau-Monde!

Que Dieu vous entende, Sire, et qu'il fasse prospérer cette entreprise à son honneur et à sa gloire.

Sire, j'accepte!

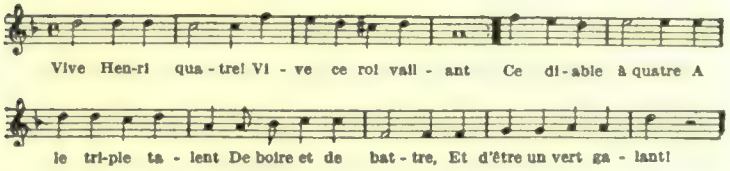
When de Monts and Champlain retire from the Royal presence a hundred courtiers step forward to dance the stately *Pavane*, or "peacock" dance, before the throne. This was a singularly fine spectacle in every way. The couples were grouped in sets according to a definite colour scheme, which itself became all the more effective from resting on a delicate blue floor, surrounded by white and gold walls close at hand, and by the beautiful natural stage and its setting further out, with a perfect midsummer sky overarching all. The ladies of the Court wore the full skirts and Medici collars of the period; and bright colours predominated both in their dresses and in those of their cavaliers, who wore plumed hats, gorgeous cloaks hanging loose from their shoulders, tight trunk hose, and long jewelled rapiers. The two most taking figures were, one, when all the cavaliers drew their rapiers and, holding them high above their partners' heads, made all those in each set meet in a point; and the other, when all the ladies went down on one knee, leaning away, yet looking back at their partners, as though lending a coy but willing ear to the secret which their amorous cavaliers were stooping down to tell them.

PAVANE



After the *Pavane* the King and Queen step down from the throne and walk out between double ranks of halberdiers and bowing lines of courtiers four, five and six deep. The guards then slope their halberds and march off, while the courtiers cluster together and sing their admiration for their gallant Sovereign, who was equally famous for his success in love and war:—

VIVE HENRI QUATRE!



SCENE IV.

CHAMPLAIN AT QUEBEC

1620
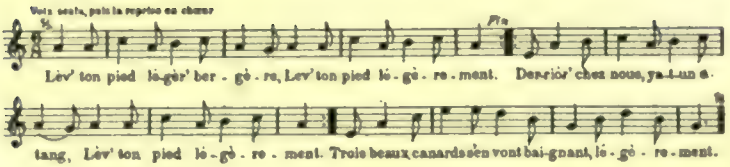
Again the scene is completely changed; and the inhabitants of the infant colony of Quebec stand waiting for Champlain's return in 1620. He is received with unbounded joy by French and Indians alike. Champlain has left us such minute descriptions that it was easy to reproduce this scene exactly as it happened in reality—the ox-cart in which he and his girl-wife were drawn home in triumph, the pow-wow and calumet dance, and the songs that carried the colonists back in fancy to *la belle France*.

Champlain had been a soldier on the Catholic side in the Wars of the League, afterwards Geographer to the King, when he made excellent charts of the American seaboard, and now he was a Captain in the Royal Navy and founder of Quebec. As usual, however, the silent service of the sea has never got due credit for Champlain. Canada was discovered by a sailor, Jacques Cartier, whose log shows him to have been a man of consummate skill in land affairs as well. She was founded by a Naval officer, as was Australia, she was conquered by a naval and military expedition in which the

naval force greatly predominated, and she has been held mainly by sea-power ever since. Yet the naval aspect of all this is seldom realised, any more than the debt she owes to the military element. Here, as elsewhere, naval and military commanders have frequently proved themselves the best civil administrators; though there is hardly an instance in the history of the world in which civil administrators have proved their fitness as naval and military commanders.

"Samuel de Champlain, capitaine pour la marine du Ponant, maître, après Dieu, de son navire le *Don de Dieu*, en partance d'Honfleur, le matin du 8 mai, 1620," begins the daily entries in his log-book thus:—"Au nom de Notre-Dame, la Très Sainte Vierge Marie, soyt commencé nostre voïage! Nous faisons route vers les terres-neufves du Canada."

The whole population of Quebec, less than a hundred French, with many friendly Indians, are anxiously waiting for the *Don de Dieu*. Presently they sight her, and a shout of joy goes up from the staunch little throng. Even the more stoical Indians do not try to hide their delight at seeing their great friend and defender come back again. The French give vent to their feelings in a lilting song: *Lev' ton pied léger, bergère, Lev' ton pied légèrement.*



Among the people on the shore in front of the *Abitacion de Kébeck*, whose little cannon are firing a salute, stand Louis Hébert, the first *habitant* in Canada, and Abraham Martin, a simple pilot, after whose Christian name the world-renowned Plains of Abraham are called, because he used to drive his cattle to pasture there. As in other scenes, many of the performers in this one were representing their own ancestors, both afloat and ashore. Loud and long-continued cheers greet Champlain as he lands with his young wife, a beautiful girl, thirty years younger than himself. The Indians look at her with undisguised admiration, and are sure that she is as much their friend as is Champlain, because on looking into the little mirror which, in the fashion of that day, she wears round her neck, they see that she has "already taken each one of them into her heart."

When order is restored, Champlain's commission is read:—



Madame Champlain's Entry into Quebec

From a painting by Frank Craig

front of the

one of them



HENRI II, duc de Montmorency, amiral de France, et vice-roi en la Nouvelle-France, à tous ceux qui ces présentes verront,

SALUT.

Savoir faisons à tous qu'il appartiendra que pour la bonne et entière confiance que nous avons de la personne du Sieur Samuel de Champlain, capitaine ordinaire pour le Roi en la marine, et de ses sens, suffisance, pratique et expérience en fait de la marine, et bonne diligence et connaissance qu'il a au dit pays pour les diverses navigations, voyages et fréquentations qu'il y a faits et en autres lieux circonvoisins d'icelui, icelui Sieur de Champlain, pour ces causes et en vertu du pouvoir à nous donné par Sa Majesté, avons commis, ordonné et député, commettons, ordonnons et députons par ces présentes notre lieutenant pour représenter notre personne au dit pays de la Nouvelle-France.

.

A Paris, ce 30 avril 1620.

HENRI II, duc de MONTMORENCY.

This is received with respectful approval; but the enthusiasm only comes to a head again when Champlain makes his own speech.

Allocution de Champlain à la foule

Mes amis, vous me reconnaissez encore après une aussi longue absence. (*Acclamations*). Je sais bien qu'elle fut brève, deux ans à peine, mais elle me semblait, à moi, une éternité. (*Accl.*) Enfin, je suis à vous, chez vous, chez moi, et pour toujours. (*Accl.*)

Cette commission du vice-roi me signifie l'ordre formel de retourner à Québec... M'y voici... (*Accl.*) de m'y établir définitivement, de m'y fortifier le mieux possible afin de mettre le pays à l'abri des invasions et des coups de main imprévus.

Je suis à ce point assuré du succès que j'ai dit pour toujours adieu à Brouage, au Saintonge, à la France ancienne. Je ne viens pas seulement commander ici pour un temps, mais y vivre comme vous et avec vous y mourir.

Me voici, à Québec, non seulement pour y continuer la fondation d'une ville, l'établissement définitif et permanent d'une colonie, mais pour y asseoir aussi, à demeure, mon foyer domestique. En garantie de ma parole—dont personne, Dieu merci, ne douta jamais et dont personne encore ne me demanda gages—en garantie de ma parole, j'amène avec moi la personne qui m'est la plus chère en ce monde, Madame de Champlain, (*acclamations*) qui consent à partager, que dis-je? qui me

demande à venir partager vos labeurs (*accl.*), à vivre dans la solitude les plus belles années de sa jeunesse. Quel réconfort elle apporte à mon courage, à mes espérances en l'avenir! Je n'avais jamais songé à une plus douce image du devoir et de la récompense mis en regard.

Ah! mes amis, si vous saviez comme je vous aime et combien les plus cruels sacrifices, consentis pour vous, m'ont paru faciles.

Cette France que je croyais avoir quittée pour toujours, je la retrouve ici, dans votre chère présence. J'ai rêvé d'une Nouvelle-France aussi belle, aussi grande que l'Ancienne. Aidez-moi à réaliser ce songe magnifique. Ce n'est pas un homme endormi qui vous parle, mais un esprit bien éveillé, une volonté bien résolue qui croit à l'avenir de Québec et du Canada français comme il croit en Dieu: de toute son âme et de toute sa conscience!

(*Acclamations*): Vive Champlain! Vive Québec! Vive la France! Vive le Roi! Vive le Canada!

Then the Indian chief seats Champlain and his wife on robes of honour and, in a stentorian voice, proclaims that he receives them with the calumet of peace. This is a large pipe of which the Indians make frequent use. It is composed of stone, of either a red, black or whitish hue, polished like

marble. The body of the calumet is 8 inches and the head which contains the tobacco is 3 inches long. The handle, which is of wood, is 4 or 5 feet in length, and is perforated in the centre to afford a passage for the smoke. It is considered as an appendage of state, and regarded as the calumet of the sun, to whom it is presented to be smoked when calm weather, or rain, or sunshine is required. The calumet has the same influence among savages that a flag of truce has among civilized nations. The red plumage which decks it is a signal of the need of help. The white and grey mixed together, indicate peace and an offer of aid, not only to those to whom the calumet is presented but also to their allies. The ceremony of smoking is practised with much solemnity previous to the discussion or execution of any transaction of importance. Only the most considerable personages take a part in the calumet dance and it is regarded by them as a ceremony of religion practised only upon great occasions. Without the intervention of the dance no great public or private transaction of moment can take effect.

The Calumet Dance is begun by placing the *manitou*, or god, of the principal Chief on a mat of honour, with all the trophies of war piled up on the right of it. The Chief then begins to dance by posturing before the assembled tribe and inviting



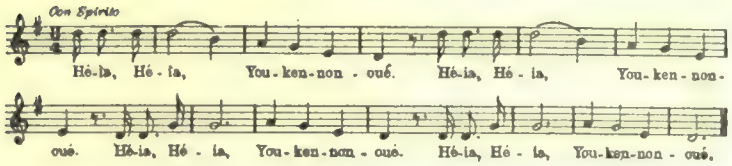
The Indian Camp

The Indian Canard.



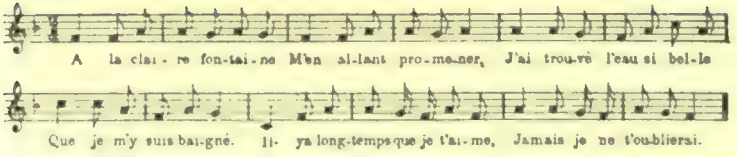
another Chief to join him. This one comes furiously with club, bow and arrows; but is vanquished by the power of the calumet. Another and another Indian rushes forward; till all have joined in, when they become one whirling serpentine, shouting the praises of the calumet together:—

DANSE DU CALUMET



The dance over, the Chiefs make a formal treaty of alliance with Champlain. A cask of good French wine is then broached and the people drink to the health of the King, the Admiral of France, and Captain Champlain. There are many grunts of satisfaction from the Indians, who are enjoying a splendid feast, and loud shouts from the French—Vive le Roi! Vive Champlain! Vive Québec! Finally, when the enthusiasm is at its climax, Champlain and his wife are lifted into an ox-cart, the only vehicle in Quebec, and carried off in triumph, to the strains of songs equally well known and loved, both then and now, in *La Nouvelle-France*.

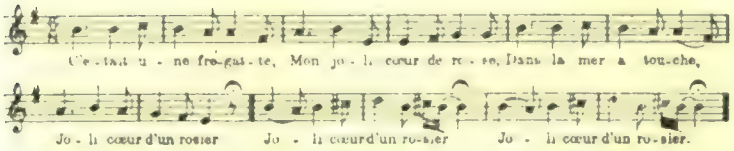
A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE



J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné ;
Sous les feuilles d'un chêne
Je me suis fait sécher.
Il ya longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait ;
Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai !
Il ya longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

C'ETAIT UNE FREGATE



C'était une frégate,
Mon joli cœur de rose,
Dans la mer a touché,
Joli cœur d'un rosier. (ter.)

Yavait un' demoiselle,
Mon joli cœur de rose,
Su' l'bord d'la mer pleuré (rait),
Joli cœur d'un rosier. (ter.)

Dites-moi donc, la belle,
Mon joli cœur de rose,
Qu'a vous à tant pleurer?
Joli cœur d'un rosier. (ter.)

* * * *

Faut-il, pour une fille,
Mon joli cœur de rose,
Que mon fils soit noyé!....
Joli cœur d'un rosier. (ter.)

SCENE V.

ARRIVAL OF THE URSULINES AND HOSPITALIERES

1639

La Mère Marie de l'Incarnation was the most famous nun who ever set foot in America. She was born in 1599, at Tours, in *ce doux pays de la Touraine* which Belleforest called *le jardin de France et le plaisir des Roys*. Saintliness ran in her family. It was her great-great-grandfather whom the dying Louis XI sent to Calabria to bring back St. François de Paule. Her parents were renowned for their piety. Her own favorite amusement as a child was "playing nun." Her visions attracted extraordinary interest in France; yet she was one of the most practical mystics that ever lived, a fact which stood her in good stead when establishing the Ursulines in Canada. In her fortieth year this *Ste. Thérèse de l'Amérique*, as Bossuet called her, started for Canada under the patronage of Anne of Austria and the Duchesse d'Aiguillon. There were ten persons devoted to the service of religion in the little company—three Ursulines, three Hospitalières, three Jesuits, and Madame de la Peltrie, a member of the *haute noblesse* of Normandy, who was giving herself and her fortune to further the Ursuline cause among the heathen.

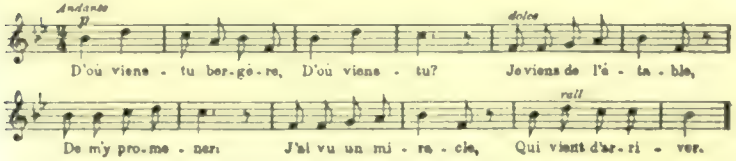
The Ursulines played a great and noble part in the early history of Quebec. In the dark days between 1660 and 1663, when Indian invasion, a dire famine, and seven months of continual earthquake threatened the very existence of the Colony, and when all colonists were crying "Back to France!" Bishop Laval and Marie de l'Incarnation alone held out against the universal panic, and persuaded the people that Canada was at the beginning of a mighty future instead of at the end of a disastrous failure.

The Ursuline convent has a history worthy of such a foundress. It has been through four sieges, the American sieges of 1690 and 1775, the British siege of 1759, and the French siege of 1760; and it has always had its little garrison of nuns to safeguard its treasures at the risk of their lives, while their fellows went to help the Hospitalières to nurse the sick and wounded. The chapel is unique in having souvenirs of the Commanders-in-chief on both sides in one of the great decisive battles of the world. Montcalm lies buried there, just opposite to the pulpit from which the Anglican chaplain of the British flagship preached Wolfe's funeral sermon. The community itself is distinguished by the possession of the most direct human links with the Canadian past. Pierre Boucher, who was alive in the time of Champlain,
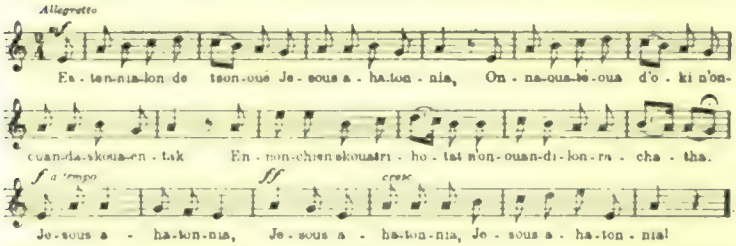
left a daughter, Geneviève, who became an Ursuline. The father was born in the lifetime of Shakespeare, and the daughter died in the lifetime of Wellington. Then, Mère St. Ignace, who saw Montcalm buried, was in the Convent, as a girl, with Geneviève, and, as an old woman, with a nun who died in 1911 at the age of ninety-four! The combined ages of these four interlocking human links amount to no less than three hundred and seventy-one years.

Every detail about the arrival of the Ursulines in 1639 was carefully recorded at the time, and exactly reproduced in the Pageant, with the able assistance and hearty goodwill of the present community. The Governor, the Sieur de Montmagny, receives them with all the honours at his disposal. The little Fort St. Louis fires a salute, and a company of infantry presents arms. All the inhabitants, some two hundred and fifty, are present to welcome them. The voyage has been long, nearly three months, and dangerous, for they were nearly captured by a hostile Spanish fleet in the Channel and wrecked by an iceberg in the Straits. But the good nuns forget everything else in their transports of joy at finding themselves on the new apostolic ground at last; and they prostrate themselves to kiss it and pray for its redemption. The little French children then come

forward and sing the old *noël*: *D'où viens-tu, bergère?*



Then comes the turn of the little Hurons who have been brought up by the Jesuits. They sing the *noël* composed by Father Brébeuf, the heroic Norman martyr, whose herculean strength compelled him to suffer the extremity of anguish before dying under the tortures of the Iroquois.



SCENE VI.

DOLLARD'S CANADIAN THERMOPYLÆ

In 1660 Canada was apparently doomed. Only four years had passed since the Iroquois had swooped

down on their prey again, and nearly killed out the last palsied remnant of the Hurons at the Island of Orleans. The lines of war-canoes had glided snake-like down the St. Lawrence to their vindictive massacre, under the very guns of Quebec, while the crews screamed savage defiance at the bewildered Governor, who cowered behind the walls of Fort St. Louis. Now every threatening war-path is once more astir with painted Iroquois, wild for a final glut of blood. The rumour runs that their grand council has decreed the extermination of all the Christians in Canada, and that their whole assembled horde is coming hot-foot down the valley of the Ottawa. Night and day the shadow of death closes in from the vast encircling forest, darkening the terror of suspense. But as Canada turns despairingly at bay, her necessity brings forth a champion, the faithful Dollard. He and sixteen others in Montreal volunteer to go up the Ottawa and hold the Iroquois by a life-and-death defence, long enough to let the colony have some time for preparation. At the Long Sault, Dollard is joined by a hundred Christian Hurons under Anahotaha. The allies then take post in an old Algonquin fort, which, unfortunately, is too far from water.

All the Frenchmen are in the heyday of youth, when life is at its sweetest—Dollard himself is only

twenty-five; but they are raised to the heights of self-sacrifice by every exalting motive. They have sworn to take no quarter; have made their wills, confessed in full, and received the sacrament. And now, as they await the Iroquois, they and their Christian allies bivouac together. Prayers are offered up in French and Huron; and the evening hymn floats out on the summer breeze.

Scarcely have its last notes died away before there is a loud war-whoop, then a few shots, and the men on outpost come running back to say the Iroquois are massing for the assault. This first attack, however, is no real trial of strength, and the Iroquois then begin a parley to see if they can gain any advantage by stratagem. Seeing this is useless, they retire to hold a war dance, with blood curdling yells of "Ho—Hoh!" and crashing of clubs in anticipation of the coming massacre. Presently they make another rush, and are again repulsed. Then they come back for another parley; and by dint of the threats and persuasion of a few apostate Hurons they manage to seduce some of the allies, who leap over the stockade and join the Iroquois amid the execrations of the little garrison. The situation is now desperate; for while the garrison has been reduced, the enemy have been reinforced by five hundred new men in war paint whose resounding cries can be heard a mile



The Return of the Indians from the Long Sault

From a drawing by Geo. Reid

3 1 6 1



away. Besides, the new comers are infuriated by the sight of the long procession of Iroquois dead, borne off the fatal field, shoulder high, to the chant of dirges moaning like the autumn wind. Those of the enemy who have survived the repulse are equally infuriated by the sight of the heads of their fellow braves, which the Hurons have stuck on the palisade.

In the thick of the final assault some Iroquois get in so close that they can chop at the foot of the stockade without being exposed to the fire from the loop-holes. Dollard then tries to dislodge them with a barrel of powder. But this scheme, unfortunately, miscarries. The barrel blows up inside the fort, kills and wounds several of the defenders, and leaves a breach wide open. The Iroquois at once swarm in from all sides, though even now, they cannot close with their steadfast opponents. Anahotaha, worthy comrade of Dollard, charges and kills five with his tomahawk. But, as he regains the ranks, he falls, mortally wounded, beside the burning palisade. "Lay my head on the fire," he implores with his dying breath, "the Iroquois must never get my scalp!" Dollard falls next. A last desperate scuffle, and all is over. The Iroquois are dumbfounded at the resistance they have met with and disheartened by their enormous losses. Their council breaks up after

deciding that a country defended by such heroes is too dangerous to attack. They slink back to their wigwams, while a contrite apostate Huron escapes to carry the tale of death and victory throughout the waiting settlements. Thus ends Canada's Thermopylæ.

SCENE VII.

LAVAL RECEIVES DE TRACY

1665

The advent of the age of Colbert was appropriately celebrated in the Pageant. Four companies of regulars, which had preceded de Tracy, have prepared the Indians and Colonists for the unheard-of magnificence of the new *régime*, under which Canada has become the Royal Province of New France. But the reality surpasses their expectation. The day the Lieutenant-General of the King is to land the whole of Quebec comes out to meet him. The garrison marches down, headed by the Royal colours, on which they had shed new lustre in the recent campaign against the Turks in Hungary. De Tracy's landing is the signal for a salute from the whole battery and the ringing of all the church bells. Then the new Sovereign Council presents an address of welcome to

this first direct representative of the King himself. Everyone feels that a ray of glory from the great *Roi Soleil* is shining on Quebec. De Tracy's reply leaves no doubt that he has come to make the arms of Louis XIV as greatly feared in Canada as they are in Europe:

"Je suis, en effet, comme vous le dites, le Justicier attendu et promis: un justicier qui ne vient pas seulement demander compte aux Iroquois de tout le sang français qu'ils ont versé depuis Brébeuf jusqu'à Dollard, mais un vengeur qui va les frapper d'un châtiment tel que le souvenir en suffira pour terroriser tous les Peaux-Rouges de l'Amérique."

Then the twelve Chiefs of the Huron allies come forward, lay their bows and arrows at his feet, and address him as the "Great Ononthio," a name always applied by the Indians to the French Governors, and taken from a native paraphrase of the name of the first Governor, Montmagny, "the great mountain." The address is full of Indian imagery, and is translated, clause by clause, to de Tracy:—

Grand Ononthio,

Tu vois à tes pieds les débris d'une grande terre et les restes pitoyables d'un monde entier, autrefois peuplé d'une infinité d'habitants. Ce ne sont main-

tenant que des cadavres qui te parlent, à qui l'Iroquois n'a laissé que les os, après en avoir dévoré la chair, grillée sur des charbons. Il ne nous restait plus qu'un petit filet de vie, et nos membres, dont la plupart ont passé par les chaudières bouillantes de l'ennemi, n'avaient plus de vigueur, quand, avec bien de la peine, ayant levé les yeux, nous avons aperçu sur la rivière les vaisseaux qui te portaient, et, avec toi, tant de soldats qui nous sont envoyés par ton grand Ononthio et le nôtre.

Ce fut alors que le Soleil nous parut éclater de ses plus beaux rayons et éclairer notre ancienne terre qui, depuis tant d'années, était devenue couverte de nuages et de ténèbres; alors que nos lacs et nos rivières parurent calmes, sans tempêtes ni brisants. Pour te dire le vrai, il me sembla entendre une voix sortie de ton navire et qui nous disait, d'aussi loin que nous pouvions te découvrir:

"Courage, peuple désolé, tes os vont être reliés de nerfs et de muscles, ta chair va renaître, tes forces vont t'être rendues, tu vas vivre comme autrefois."

Tout d'abord, je me défiais de cette voix que je croyais être celle d'un doux songe flattant nos misères; mais le bruit de tant de tambours et l'arrivée de tant de soldats m'ont éveillé.

Après tout, bien que je te voie de mes yeux et que j'embrasse tes pieds, la joie que tu m'apportes



Mgr. Laval receiving the Marquis de Tracy

From the painting by Frank Craig



est si inattendue que j'aurais peur encore d'être trompé par un beau rêve, si je ne me sentais déjà tout réconforté par ta seule présence.

Je te vois, ô généreux Ononthio, je t'entends, je te parle! Sois le bienvenu, et reçois ce petit présent (*une peau d'orignal façonnée et peinte à la mode indienne, que le chef dépose aux pieds de M. de Tracy*) du crû de notre terre, pour marque de la joie que nous ressentons de ton heureuse arrivée, et de l'hommage que nous rendons au plus grand de tous les Ononthios de la terre, qui a eu compassion de nos misères et t'envoie pour nous en délivrer.

De Tracy then replied:

Mes enfants,

Les sentiments de votre cœur et les pensées de votre esprit ne parlent pas huron, car je vous comprends sans interprète. Vous n'avez de sauvage que les traits du visage, ceux de votre âme sont bien français.

Ne vous étonnez pas d'être guéris et de croire que votre agonie n'était qu'un rêve. Celui qui a fait marcher le Paralytique ressuscitait encore les morts. Vous étiez bien malades, vous ne l'êtes plus, et la santé vous reviendra si vite que vous courrez demain avec moi sur les sentiers de la guerre.

Soyez reconnaissants au vrai Dieu de ce miracle. Ecoutez les Robes Noires qui vous parlent en son Nom, comme moi, je vous commande en celui du Grand Ononthio des Français. (*Congédiant les Sauvages du geste*): J'ai dit.

Then came a scene which effectively showed the continuity of the Catholic Church. Every other participant in this and all the other scenes was obliged to put on what we absurdly call a "fancy dress," when we mean an historical costume. But Bishop Laval and his suite, as well as the Ursulines and Jesuits, were under no such necessity. The present hierarchy took the keenest pleasure in ensuring a worthy representation of the religious scenes, in which many priests took the parts of their spiritual forefathers. Thanks to the dignity of the actors, everything was carried out amid an atmosphere of respect that speaks highly for the vast throngs who were looking on—it was almost as if the modern audience became the historic one that actually stood by to see the sword of France receive the welcome of her cross.

A point in de Tracy's reply should be specially mentioned. He addresses Laval as "Monsieur de Laval," which seems very flat and undignified to modern ears. But it must be remembered that *Monsieur* was a higher title of honour in those days than *Monseigneur*. *Monsieur* was then taken, in

its proper sense, as *mon Sieur*. *Sire* is greater than *Lord*. The King's brother was called *Monsieur*; and bishops were generally called *Monsieur de Meaux*, *Monsieur de Nîmes*, etc., after the name of their diocese. In 1674 Frontenac addressed Laval as *Monsieur de Québec*.

Mgr. de Laval à Tracy.

Monseigneur,

L'Eglise du Canada, par la bouche de son premier pasteur, vous souhaite aujourd'hui la bienvenue. Jamais présence du lieutenant de Sa Majesté Très Chrétienne, ne fut plus ardemment désirée, ni son arrivée plus impatiemment attendue. Jamais aussi nécessité ne fut plus grande du secours des armes françaises. En même temps qu'elle protègeront les sujets du Roi, elles ouvriront un chemin nouveau à l'Evangile au pays même des Iroquois.

Nous rendons grâces à Dieu qu'il ait inspiré à notre grand monarque de choisir pour cette guerre, dont il vous laisse la conduite, des troupes vieillies dans la gloire de cent batailles. Si elles retrouvent au Canada la neige des Alpes, elles y cueilleront aussi les lauriers d'Allemagne, car la victoire ne peut manquer, ici comme là-bas, de suivre leurs drapeaux.

Il y a tantôt quarante ans que nous soupirons après l'heure de la délivrance. Elle sonne enfin. Notre barbarie va se changer en royaume, nos forêts en villes, et nos déserts en provinces. Entrons remercier Dieu, dans son sanctuaire, pour tant de bienfaits, et bénissons qui nous les apporte.

Réponse de Tracy à Mgr. de Laval.

Monsieur de Laval,
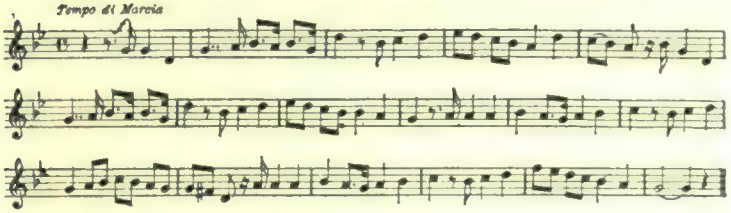
Il serait bien étonnant que sous le règne d'un monarque aussi puissant que le nôtre, et sous la faveur et la conduite d'un évêque aussi zélé que vous, on ne vît point naître, prospérer et grandir la nouvelle Eglise du Canada, et, suivant la belle comparaison du Psalmiste, cette Jeune Vigne couvrir les montagnes de son ombre, étendre ses pampres jusqu'à la mer et pousser des ceps jusqu'aux rives de l'Euphrate.

Que les soldats du Christ se joignent à ceux du Roi pour combattre ensemble et la fureur et l'infidélité de l'Iroquois: les premiers par la prédication de la Foi, les seconds par la terreur des armes françaises. Ainsi nous aurons fait deux fois leur conquête et deux fois assuré le maintien de la paix.

Then the ceremonial procession is formed. Laval leads de Tracy to the Cathedral through lines of

men-at-arms. De Tracy is followed by a retinue of gorgeously dressed nobles—the Canadian campaigns had suddenly become the fashion at Court. These are followed by the whole regiment of Carignan-Sallières, a splendid array of disciplined force, with bands playing and colours flying.
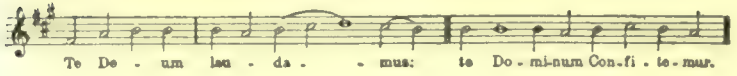
MARCHE TRIOMPHALE DE TURENNE



Sailors from the men-of-war mingle with the citizens, who find Tracy's household—his four pages and his five and twenty private guards who precede him, and his six lackeys and many staff officers who follow him—a continual subject of interest. This is especially the case with those citizens who have been born and brought up in the simple little colony. As for the Indians, they are lost in wonder at the resources of the Great Paleface Chief who can keep up his state at home after sending all this splendour across the seas! As the procession enters the Cathedral it is welcomed by the strains of the organ, played by Jolliet, the great explorer. Tracy is conducted to the

chancel, where a special *prie-Dieu* has been prepared for him. But he declines this honour, and kneels on the floor, like the humblest worshipper present. Then a solemn *Te Deum* is sung:—

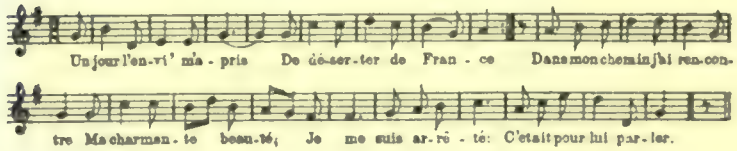
TE DEUM



After this service of thanksgiving the procession is re-formed, and the people gaze their fill at it again. Its *personnel* had a greater interest for their country than they thought at the time; as some of the officers and many of the men settled down in Canada, married, and left descendants who flourish there to the present day. A good many performers in this scene were among these very descendants.

The splendid ceremonial and the happy inauguration of the new *régime* put the crowd in high good humour; and they disperse joyously, singing a soldier song known round the world:—

UN JOUR L'ENVI' M'A PRIS DE DESERTER DE FRANCE



SCENE VIII.

FRONTENAC REPULSES PHIPS
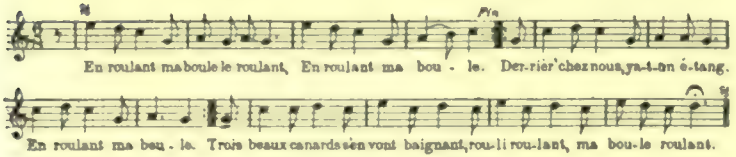
1690

Frontenac was the greatest of all the Governors. Eagle-eyed and lion-hearted, he was loved, feared and famous over the whole of French and British America. He was now seventy; but active and capable as ever. Only a year before he had struck at New England one of the first blows given in that Great Imperial War which was to last for a hundred and twenty-seven years, to culminate in the conquest of Canada, and to end at Trafalgar and Waterloo. This blow aroused New England, where Peter Schuyler formulated the "Glorious Enterprize" of conquering New France, a scheme partially and abortively tried by the Americans under Phips, and only consummated by the lieutenants of Pitt—Saunders and Wolfe—seventy years later.

There were ominous signs and rumours that New England was preparing to strike back. But the summer passed peacefully at Quebec; and there was a good deal of gaiety in the brilliant little capital. It is now October; and the people are making the most of the last warm days. The market place is bustling with life; and, as business
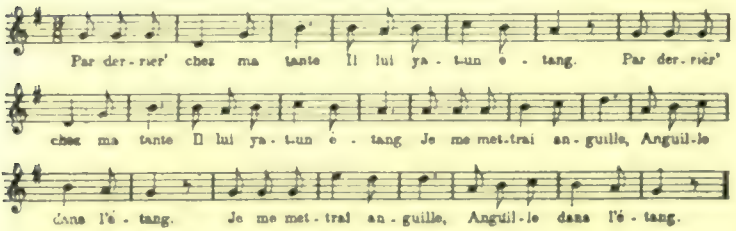
closes, a gang of young men march through the streets singing:—

EN ROULANT MA BOULE



Twilight begins to fall, and a lover's voice is heard singing his determination to follow his mistress through all her changes. If she should turn into an eel, he will become the pond; and, no matter what else she becomes, he will always change himself into something which will keep him by her side:—

SI TU TE METS ANGUILLE
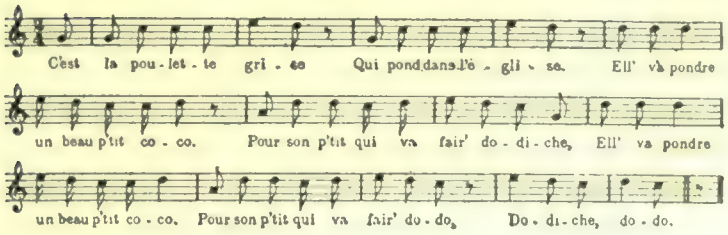




British Sailors Spreading the Carpet for the Pageants
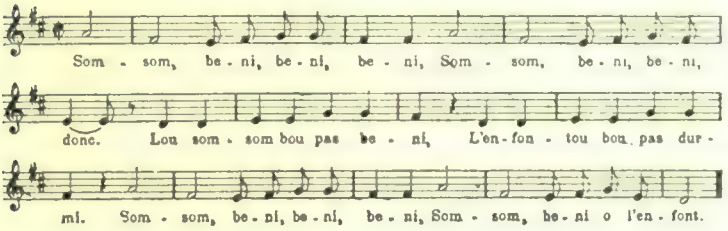


As the darkness deepens, a mother puts her baby to sleep with a lullaby still universally sung in Canada:

C'EST LA POULETTE GRISE



Another, who hails from La Bresse, sings one of the soothing *som-soms* of that part of France:—



But, in the twinkling of an eye, the whole aspect of the scene is utterly changed. Bad news has come from down the river, where Phips and his New-England armada have arrived within twenty leagues of Quebec. Worse still, if the contrary wind should veer round in their favour, the Amer-

icans may sail up in time to take the capital by a *coup de main* before Frontenac can return from Montreal. Phips is anticipating an easy victory, as he has learnt from a prisoner that the fortifications of Quebec are very weak and that the best of the garrison are away. But Frontenac is hurrying down with all possible speed, by a series of magnificent forced marches. Yet the race for the possession of Canada is desperately close; and there is almost a panic when M. de Vaudreuil—whose son surrendered Canada to Amherst just seventy years later—rushes into Quebec before daylight on the 16th to say that thirty-four sail of the enemy's fleet are within three leagues of the City. Meanwhile, however, the great Governor has arrived, ahead of his army. It is now eighteen years since he first came out to Canada, where his stern face and warlike figure are known and admired by every man, woman and child in the Colony. His presence at once restores confidence; every man in the place flies to arms; and when the drums and fifes of the Carignan-Sallières are heard, the enthusiasm knows no bounds.

There was equal confidence, if less enthusiasm, on board the New-England flagship, the *Six Friends*, where the Rev. John Wise, "minister of God's word at Chebacco" and principal chaplain of the expedition, was making this entry in his jour-

nal:—"The summons was read, duly considered, and ordered to be sent to Count Frontiniak, or the chief in authority at Quebeck, by the hand of Capt. Lieut. Thomas Savage."

Frontenac, excellently acted by M. Horace d'Artois, now steps to the front and addresses the citizens. Among them the most conspicuous personage is Laval's successor, Bishop Saint-Vallier, who, some time later, spent several years as a prisoner of war in the Tower of London:—

Les Anglais arrivent, dites-vous? La belle nouvelle! Ils sont à Tadoussac depuis trois semaines! et vous le savez tous comme moi. Ils nous sauvent l'ennui de courir à eux: ils viennent à nous, comme l'ours au piège! Et sera pris qui voulait prendre! Croyez-m'en!

Tous nos remparts ont des canons, tous nos jeunes gens ont des fusils! l'assaut est impossible! Toutes les troupes et les milices de la colonie seront à Québec demain, aussi vrai que je suis avec vous aujourd'hui, mes enfants. (*Acclamations*).

Vous le reconnaissez encore, n'est-ce pas, votre vieux Frontenac? (*Acclamations, bravos*). Je suis toujours, malgré mes soixante et dix ans, le Frontenac des anciens jours, l'homme que vous avez connu à Saint-Gothard, vétérans de Carignan-Sallières, (*acclamations*) le soldat de Candie et d'Orbitello. (*Tonnerre d'applaudissements*).

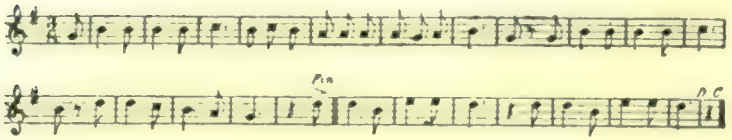
Aujourd'hui même, Monsieur de Callières arrivera de Montréal avec huit cents hommes. (*On entend à distance jouer des fifres et battre des tambours*). Que dis-je, aujourd'hui? les voici, à l'instant: je reconnais leurs fifres et leurs tambours! (*Cris de la foule en délire*).

(*On entend chanter dans le lointain: "Sir Phips s'en va-t-en guerre." Ce sont les miliciens qui amènent le parlementaire de Phips à Frontenac. Le parlementaire a les yeux bandés.*)

The air of *Malbrouck* is a great deal older than the words usually associated with it. It was old enough to have been sung with the *Convoi du duc de Guise* in 1563. The English-speaking peoples have taken the satirical sting out of it by using it on convivial occasions with the words of *For he's a jolly good fellow.*

"SIR PHIPS" S'EN VA-T-EN GUERRE

Sur l'air de *Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre*



Sir Phips s'en va-t-en guerre,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,
Sir Phips s'en va-t-en guerre
Contre le Canada.

Il ne se doute guère
De ce qui l'attend là.

Mais croit descendre à terre
Sitôt qu'il sommera!

Venez, beau militaire,
Québec vous recevra!

Et mettra pour vous plaire
Ses habits de gala!

Mais à quoi bon tant faire
Rien ne l'éblouira.

Car ce parlementaire
Regarde et ne voit pas!

Quelle étrange visière
Lui fait ce bandeau-là!

Gentil parlementaire
Appuyez sur mon bras.

Car vous pourriez bien faire
Deux ou trois mauvais pas.

En grimpant jusqu'à l'aire
De l'aigle qui est là.
(Montrant le Château Saint-Louis.

Quand tu verras, corsaire,
A qui tu parleras,

Ça te donnera l'erre
De redescendre en bas!

The *parlementaire*, Captain Savage, is astounded to find himself in the midst of a strong and well-appointed garrison, which the New Englanders had thought it impossible for Frontenac to collect in time to oppose them. But he is a brave man, with plenty of Yankee shrewdness, and he looks round him with an air of complete assurance:—

Le Parlementaire.—May I speak to Count Frontenac...

Frontenac (*l'interrompant*).—C'est moi, Monsieur!

Le Parlementaire (*poursuivant*).—lieutenant-general and governor for the French King at Canada...

Frontenac (*l'interrompant*).—C'est moi, Monsieur!

Le Parlementaire (*poursuivant*).—Or, in his absence, to his deputy or him or them in chief command at Quebec?

Frontenac.—C'est moi, Monsieur!

Valrennes (*au parlementaire*).—Nommez-vous d'abord.

Le Parlementaire.—What?

Bienville.—Your name, Sir?

Le Parlementaire.—Captain-Lieutenant Thomas Savage.

Bienville.—In what capacity?

Le Parlementaire.—As bearer of a summons from Sir William Phips, Knight, General and Commander in and over their Majesties' forces of New-England, by sea and land, to Count Frontenac.

Frontenac.—Très bien, Monsieur. Lisez, je vous écoute.

Le Parlementaire.—The war between the two crowns of England and France doth not only sufficiently warrant, but the destruction made by the French and Indians, under your command and encouragement, upon the persons and estates of their Majesties' subjects of New England, without provocation on their part, hath put them to the necessity of this expedition for their own security and satisfaction.

Frontenac (*interrompant*).—Je n'ai jamais été familier avec l'Anglais, aussi, M. de Bienville, vous seriez fort aimable de me traduire ce document.

Bienville (*au parlementaire*).—That paper, please.

Bienville then translates the summons, which contains so many accusations against the French for barbarity that it naturally excites the indignation of the crowd. The concluding words are:—

Votre réponse positive, dans une heure, par votre trompette, avec le retour du mien, est ce que je vous demande sur le péril qui pourra s'en suivre.

(Signé) GUILLAUME PHIPS.

(*Clameurs immenses! Toute l'assistance indignée fait mine de se ruer sur le parlementaire. Seuls, Frontenac et Savage demeurent impassibles.—Après un temps.*)

Le Parlementaire (*tirant sa montre et la mettant insolemment sous les yeux de Frontenac*).—It is ten o'clock, Sir, and by eleven I must have an answer!

(*Tumulte indescriptible: cris, gestes de menace, les officiers tirent l'épée du fourreau*).

Valrennes (*furieux*). A la potence, bandit! A la potence! Traitons cet insolent comme l'envoyé d'un corsaire. Phips, son digne maître, n'a-t-il pas

violé la capitulation de Port-Royal? retenu Menneval prisonnier, et contre sa parole et contre le droit des gens? Retour de politesse, alors. (*Criant à quelqu 'un perdu dans la foule*): *Rattier!** *Rattier! Sus à la vermine! Apporte ton échelle et tes cordes!*

Le Parlementaire.—En vérité, monsieur, vous en causez à votre aise du droit des gens! et l'appliquez à merveille! Pendre un parlementaire! Le procédé serait bien français! Seulement, rappelez-vous ce qu'il vous en a coûté, l'an dernier, d'avoir envoyé aux galères les ambassadeurs iroquois! Auriez-vous oublié déjà le massacre de La Chine? Franchement, le bourreau n'a pas besoin de paraître ici: le premier venu d'entre vous me fera bien mon nœud de cravate! (*A Valrennes*): *Monsieur du Chanvre*, je suis à vos ordres!

Frontenac.—Monsieur parle français? et bon français! l'aimable surprise! J'en suis ravi! Vous savez encore mieux notre histoire que notre langue. Bravo! Votre geste est charmant: il me rappelle le Grand Condé, le seul, à ma connaissance, qui ait jamais pris une ville avec une montre! Seulement, mon cher, laissez-moi vous dire que vous n'êtes pas de force à renouveler ici ce tour d'adresse. Votre montre n'est pas à répétition, (*rires ironiques*), l'a-

* The executioner of Quebec in 1690 was called Jean Rattier.

necdote non plus, mais elle se raconte agréablement tout de même.

C'était en 1652, et nous étions en révolte ouverte contre la tyrannie de Mazarin. Mademoiselle de Montpensier avait envoyé l'ordre à la petite ville de Montargis d'ouvrir ses portes à l'armée du Prince de Condé. Le commandant de Montargis se nommait Mondreville. Il refusa d'obéir. Alors Monsieur le Prince tirant sa montre—comme vous, milord—envoya dire au sieur de Mondreville que si, dans une heure—toujours comme vous, milord—Montargis n'ouvrait pas ses portes, il les enfoncerait tout simplement et que, tout simplement aussi, ses habitants, du premier au dernier, seraient pendus.

Dix minutes plus tard Mondreville offrait au Prince de Condé un verre de vin pour le refraîchir et Montargis le priait de lui faire l'honneur de coucher chez elle!

Frontenac continues in a tone of easy but sarcastic badinage, and winds up by asking Savage if he has ever read the private memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier.

Le Parlementaire (*froidement*).—L'heure n'est pas aux confidences, ni aux anecdotes, Monsieur le Gouverneur, mais au péril de votre réponse que je veux positive, dans une heure!

Frontenac.—Ma réponse positive? la voici:

Dites à votre général que je ne connais point le roi Guillaume et que le prince d'Orange est un usurpateur qui a violé les droits les plus sacrés du sang en voulant détrôner son beau-père; que je ne sais, en Angleterre, d'autre souverain que le roi Jacques; que votre général n'a point dû être surpris des hostilités qu'il dit avoir été faites par les Français dans la colonie du Massachusetts, puisqu'il a dû s'attendre que le Roi, mon maître, ayant reçu sous sa protection le roi d'Angleterre, étant près de le replacer sur son trône par la force de ses armes, comme j'en ai nouvelles, m'ordonnerait de porter la guerre en ces contrées, chez les peuples qui se seraient révoltés contre leur prince légitime.

Vous avez entendu, Monsieur le parlementaire, les murmures d'indignation soulevés autour de moi par votre arrogante sommation. Eh bien! sachez que ce sentiment est commun à tous nos gentilshommes et à tous nos paysans, aux premiers comme aux derniers d'entre eux!.....

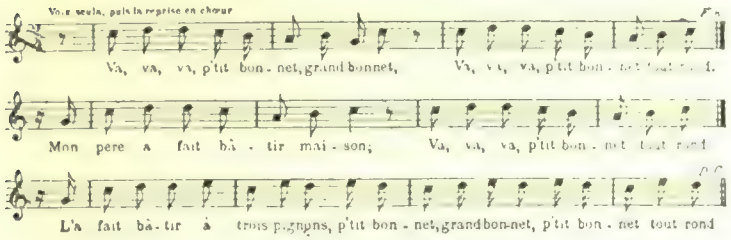
(*Applaudissements, acclamations, bravos*).

Le Parlementaire.—Monsieur le Gouverneur voudra bien me donner cette réponse par écrit.

Frontenac.—Et que faites-vous de ma parole? Par écrit? Non, jamais! (*éclatant*): "Je vais répondre à votre maître par la bouche de mes ca-

nons!" (*A Valrennes*): M. de Valrennes, ramenez le parlementaire à son canot. (*Aux officiers*): Courons, messieurs, à l'ennemi!—*Vive le Roi!*

(*Clameur immense de: Vive le Roi! Le Parlementaire est reconduit à sa chaloupe sur l'air de: Va, va, va, p'tit bonnet, grand bonnet*).



Messieurs les Anglais de Boston,
Va, va, va, p'tit bonnet tout rond,
Se sont fâchés pour tout de bon,
P'tit bonnet, grand bonnet, p'tit bonnet tout rond.

Et va, va, va, p'tit bonnet, grand bonnet,
Et va, va, va, p'tit bonnet tout rond.

L'amiral Phips, quel fanfaron!
Croit que nous capitulerons
Dans une heure! Oh! c'est un peu prompt!
Frontenac bondit sous l'affront.
Ce gouverneur n'est pas poltron,
En goguenardant il répond
Au Colin-Maillard d'entre-pont:

"——Si t'as du toupet! j'ai du front!
Remets ta montre en ton giron,
Tu n'es pas Condé, mon mignon.
Il est dangereux, nom de nom!
De me commander sur ce ton,
Car je monte au diapason
De qui me parle en rodomont.
Mes compliments à ton patron,
Tu lui diras que je réponds,
Par la bouche de mes canons!"

Then, exactly as happened in reality, a battery, with red-and-blue-painted gun-carriages, is run across by hand to open fire in answer to Phips' cannonade. The regiment of Carignan-Sallières, looking fit for anything, marches off to repel a landing party; while Frontenac, vigorous, alert, yet perfectly calm, directs the defence from his central position and visibly dominates this splendid scene. A terrific salvo from all the guns of the fleet leads the people to expect another assault; but it turns out to be the parting shots designed to cover the American retreat. Immediately the church bells ring out for joy; and the climax is reached when the troops march on to the scene, bearing aloft the Admiral's flag, which has been shot away from the mast-head by the French, and abandoned by their defeated enemy.

THE FINAL SCENE

REVIEW OF THE HISTORIC ARMIES OF 1759, 1760, 1775, 1812

The parting shots of Phips and Frontenac have died away. The stage is once more empty; and all is silence. But it is the silence of eager expectation and suspense. The culminating moment has at last arrived for a sight such as no man has ever seen before, since history began, and such as no man, perhaps, may ever see again. Nothing is visible beyond the stage; but everyone in the vast auditorium knows and feels that the French and British armies of the two Battles of the Plains, and the united French- and English-speaking armies that saved Canada from two American invasions, are waiting on the slope between the edge of the stage and the edge of the cliff, for the bilingual words of command which will set them marching on to the actual scene of their immortal deeds, into the actual presence of their great leaders' living next-of-kin, and of a future King-Emperor George, the heir of the two Sovereigns in whose common name Canada was made and kept a British land.

Every detail of this crowning glory of the Quebec Tercentenary was so charged with significance

that we might well pause for a moment to look at the main elements which went to the making of the whole wonderful scene. These were of course: —the Armies, the Audience, and the Stage, with its Human and Natural surroundings.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN 1759 AND 1760.

THE FRENCH REGULARS FROM FRANCE: the regiments of *Royal Roussillon, La Sarre, Languedoc, Béarn, Guienne, Berry, La Reine.* Under the old régime each French regiment bore the name of the prince or nobleman who practically owned it, or of the Province from which it was recruited.

The *Royal Roussillon* fought with great valour in the first Battle of the Plains, losing a third of its men and two-thirds of its officers. In the second battle it had a duel with the Irish of the 35th, and was foremost in the charge which won the day. *La Sarre* had seen a great deal of arduous American service already and had greatly distinguished itself at Ticonderoga in 1758, when Montcalm beat Abercrombie, though outnumbered four to one. *Languedoc* suffered the loss of four companies, who were captured at sea on their way out in 1755. The drafts sent to complete the establishment were a very poor lot, and the regiment became the worst disciplined in Canada. There were twenty serious courts-martial in the year preceding the first Battle

of the Plains, besides innumerable minor offences. It must have been because he was doubtful of their discipline that Montcalm kept them in quarter column for his attack and personally led them into action. *Béarn* was one of the oldest and most distinguished corps in the whole French army and dated back to the 16th century. It had landed in Quebec in June, 1755, with *Guienne* and four companies of *Languedoc*, and, like them, had been on active service ever since. Its colonel was the steadfast Dalquier, who crowned his Canadian career by his splendid leadership in the second Battle of the Plains. The regiment of *Guienne*, sent by Montcalm to guard the Heights a week before the battle, and actually ordered to watch Wolfe's Cove the day before, was counter-ordered by the Governor, Vaudreuil, on each occasion. *Berry* was the only regiment with two battalions in Canada. *La Reine* was with Bougainville during the Battle of the Plains.

The Canadian Regulars were officially part of the *troupes de la marine*. They were not Marines in the British sense at all, and had no connection with the Navy; but were under the Home Government administration of the Department of Marine. They were mostly recruited in Canada, and took the colonial side against the French regulars whenever there was any friction.

The Canadian Militia was composed of every

able-bodied man in the country. Captains of militia were men of great local importance and represented the State on most local occasions. As raiders and skirmishers the *Milice* excelled. They had three essentials of all armies—the ability to march, to shoot and to "rough it." They endured great hardships in the French cause, made a most gallant stand to cover the retreat after the first battle, and did some dashing work at the second.

The Indians were uncertain allies and tried the patience of Montcalm to the last degree. They can hardly be blamed for espousing the cause of whichever side seemed the less objectionable to them, for the time being, as all the whites persistently drove them from their haunts, and changed the whole face of their country in a way abhorrent to their every feeling.

The French Navy.—The French seamen did duty on shore as gun crews at Quebec. During the siege their vessels were anchored far up the River. The only real encounter between the French and British in the St. Lawrence was when Vauquelin tried to head off the British vanguard in 1760. This gallant officer fought his ship bravely, and *l'Atalante* at Pointe-aux-Trembles will always be a name to conjure with.

Montcalm had the same number of men on the

actual field of battle as Wolfe, 5,000. In 1760 Lévis had more than three times Murray's 3,000.

THE BRITISH FLEET AND ARMY IN 1759 AND 1760.

Wolfe himself was represented by one of his next-of-kin, Lieutenant Passy, of the Royal Canadian Engineers, who, curiously enough, is of French blood on his father's side.

Wolfe's army was composed of:—

1. The 15th, then known as "Amherst's Regiment," and now as the East Yorkshires. To the present day its uniform is distinguished by the line of black mourning braid originally adopted in memory of Wolfe.

2. The 28th, then "Bragg's," now 1st Gloucesters. Wolfe took post on the right of this regiment, which, years after, in Egypt, won the unique distinction of wearing two badges on its headdress ("brass before and brass behind") to commemorate the steadiness with which its ranks stood back-to-back, in repulsing simultaneous French charges from front and rear.

3. The 35th, "Otway's," now 1st Royal Sussex, had been many years in Ireland and was Irish almost to a man.

4. The 43rd, "Kennedy's," now 1st Oxfordshire Light Infantry, of high Peninsular fame, received its baptism of fire at Quebec.

5. The 47th, "Lascelles'," now 1st Loyal North Lancashire. Colonel Hale carried the dispatches to the King, who afterwards commissioned him to raise the 17th Lancers, which adopted and still bears its famous badge and motto—a death's head "or glory"—in memory of Wolfe.

6. The 48th, "Webb's," now 1st Northamptonshires, was present at Braddock's defeat on the Monongahela in 1755, when Washington fought as a British officer.

7. The 58th, "Anstruther's," now 2nd Northamptonshires, was raised only in 1755, and first saw service at Louisburg.

8. The 2nd, "Monckton's," and 3rd, "Lawrence's," battalions of the "Royal Americans," subsequently known as the 60th Rifles, and now officially as "The King's Royal Rifle Corps." The "Royal Americans" were raised in 1755 in what are now the United States. The backwoodsmen's green jackets in which the men enlisted are said to have been the origin of the famous "Rifle Green" which now forms the uniform of every Rifle Regiment in the British Service, Canada included. But from 1755 to 1765 the "Royal Americans" wore red.

9. The 78th, "Fraser's," now 2nd Seaforth Highlanders, was raised in 1757, within a week, 1,200 strong, by Simon Fraser, son of the Lord Lovat who was beheaded in 1747 for his share of the '45. Many officers and men of this regiment, as already stated, took grants of land in Canada, intermarried with the French-Canadians, and have thousands of French-speaking descendants there at the present day. It is interesting to note that Clan Fraser, like the French-Canadians, was originally of Norman blood.

10. The famous "Louisburg Grenadiers" was a special-service three-company battalion, formed from the Grenadier companies of five regiments which had not been ordered to Quebec.

NOTE.—Every regiment in those days, and till a time well within living memory, had its own Grenadier and Light Infantry companies. In Wolfe's Battle of the Plains the Grenadiers remained with their own battalions; but the Light Infantry companies were formed into a special Light Infantry battalion under Colonel Howe.

11. The Royal Artillery, under the most distinguished artilleryman of the day, Colonel Williamson, did excellent service. In both the French and British armies at Quebec the sailors helped to man the batteries, and the single six-pounder which Wolfe had on the field of battle was hauled

up the hill and into action by a party of blue-jackets.

12. The Fleet, it must be remembered, was a much greater force than Wolfe's little army. It was a quarter of the whole strength of the Navy. There were 49 men-of-war, with 13,750 men, and the transports and auxiliary vessels of all kinds numbered over 200. Including the crews of the transports, there were at least twice as many seamen as soldiers engaged in the Siege of Quebec in 1759.

Admiral Saunders was one of the stars of the service, even in those great days. He had been First Lieutenant of the *Centurion* on Anson's celebrated voyage round the world; he was second in command of the "cargo of courage" sent to the Mediterranean after Byng's failure off Minorca; and he closed his career as one of the best First Lords whom the Admiralty had ever known. Durell and Holmes were second and third in command under him. Holmes was the admiral who managed the naval part of Wolfe's final attack. Many subordinate officers subsequently rose to high distinction. Captain "Jacky" Jervis, the friend to whom Wolfe confided the miniature of his *fiancée*, Miss Lowther, the night before the battle, was, of course, the future Lord St. Vincent. The celebrated circumnavigator, Captain Cook, was here

as "Master," *i.e.*, navigating officer, of the *Pembroke*, and the following year began the first British chart of the St. Lawrence.

The Royal Marines, who had been regularly formed into permanent units, like those of the present day, only four years before, were now fighting their first war, and their second American campaign. They did excellent service at Quebec, and a whole battalion of them protected Wolfe's batteries on the heights of Point Levis.

NOTE ON THE AMERICAN RANGERS.—Wolfe had about 900 of these irregulars with him. They were useful in bush fighting, but were not armed or trained for flat and open battlefields. None of them took part in the first Battle of the Plains; but those who spent the winter in Quebec with Murray behaved very gallantly at the second battle in the following spring, particularly the company under Hazen, who afterwards became a distinguished general of the American Revolution.

Murray's army in 1760 comprised the same units as Wolfe's in 1759; but all in greatly reduced numbers. He only had 3,000 in line of battle against Lévis.

The first Battle of the Plains is known to everyone as the turning point in history which marked the death of Greater France in the New World, the coming of age of Greater Britain, and the birth

of the United States. But there are some more points which alone would make any other action illustrious. It was here that Wolfe formed the *first two-deep line of battle in the world;* thus anticipating the *thin red line* of the Peninsula by half a century. Here the last great Frenchman in the New World met the first great Englishman in Canada. Here Cook, the famous English circumnavigator, was trying to help Wolfe into Quebec, while Bougainville, the great French circumnavigator, was trying to keep him out. And here every one of the four French generals laid down his life, while everyone of the four British generals held the command in turn during the space of a short half hour.

"1775"

When Carleton stood at bay against Montgomery and Arnold the American invaders had overrun the whole of Canada, except Quebec, which thus, for the fourth time, became the key to half a continent. His little army was the first in which French- and Anglo-Canadians fought side by side, and the first which also included all the other dominant racial elements in Canadian history—English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Channel Islanders, Orcadians, Newfoundlanders, the forerunners of the United Empire Loyalists and, of course,

British soldiers and sailors. The sailors were nearly all merchant seamen; but many of them had been in the Navy. The Army was represented by a small detachment of the 7th Royal Fusiliers, the only regulars Carleton had with him. Their regimental colour was one of the three most interesting flags in all the historic armies, the other two being that of the "Royal Americans"—St. George's cross on a black ground, and the Royal Standard of France carried behind Montcalm. The original colour of the 7th was taken by the Americans in the Revolutionary War and is now at West Point. When the Duke of Kent came out to Quebec in 1791, in command of the regiment, he brought a facsimile made by the Royal Princesses and presented by his father, the King. This is still preserved and was copied exactly for the Pageant. Thus King George V, who is the present Honorary Colonel of the 7th, saw here the facsimile of the colours made for his own great-grandfather, and made in imitation of those belonging to the same regiment which helped Carleton to save Canada for the British Crown.

"1812"

The men of 1812 finally cemented with their blood the union of the French- and English-

speaking British forces which had been begun by the men of 1775. More than this, they drew in the free-willing service of the Indians, who have always been much better treated on the Canadian side of the line. Brock, de Salaberry and Tecumseh made a noble triumvirate, and the French-Canadian Militia and the United Empire Loyalists worthy comrades of the Imperial Army and Navy.

The "Historic Armies" of 1908 were thus distinctive in that they contained the descendants of those men who had first fought each other with equal honour and alternate victory in 1759 and 1760, and who then, in 1775 and 1812, had made common cause against the common enemy of their king and country.

The audience was no less distinctive. It comprised not only thousands of ordinary members of all the historic races, but the living representatives of all the historic families, the Heir to the throne of the greatest empire in the world, the Vice-President of the greatest republic, the Special Envoy of France, and such an assemblage of other distinguished individuals as the New World had never seen before.

It is needless to say that the stage was of rare distinction; for it stood on the double battlefield

of the Plains of Abraham, and commanded the scenes of half the history of Canada.

Of rare distinction, too, were the human surroundings; for here, for the first and only time, the representatives, people and armed forces of three historic opponents were meeting in honour of their own and one another's prowess on the actual ground of their former struggles.

And, lastly, the natural surroundings were themselves distinctive. There are other great historic spots elsewhere, other famous scenes of beauty, other intimate comminglings of sea and land, other immense amphitheatres of Nature. But nowhere else are all four found together, in such perfection, as at Quebec. Here, from every great historic spot, you look out upon some famous scene where land and water meet in twofold beauty. Here, whichever way you turn on this giant stage, you find the changing amphitheatre ringed and ramparted by blue Laurentians, the only mountains on the face of the whole Earth that enjoy a real right to the title of "the everlasting hills." For they are old, older than record or tradition. They were old when even the World was young. They are old, immeasurably old; azoic — older than the Animal Kingdom's first and lowliest of subjects. And here these same eternities of Earth, which once stood beside the cradle of Life itself,

are still looking down, as calmly, from their encircling summits, on all the days and yesterdays of historic Man.

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But suddenly, over the farthest point of the stage, the sharp commands float up from the hidden armies. There is the stirring roll of drums and the ringing call of bugles, with the measured tread of advancing masses. Then, for just one moment, nothing else is visible above the point but the two national standards of France and Britain, waving proudly, side by side. The next, Montcalm and Wolfe, Lévis and Murray, with their staffs and standard-bearers, ride up into view. Following them, with French and British shoulder to shoulder, in corresponding columns, march the four armies of the three decisive wars, twenty-seven regiments strong. The stalwart Grenadiers come first, the French in white and the British in red. Then the Royal Roussillon in blue, beside the wild-looking Highlanders, whose sporrans, kilts and claymores swing with the stride of the mountaineer. Then, in the same order, two corps together, French on the right and British on the left, the rest of the infantry. The brilliantly red, white, and blue columns advance in an ever-lengthening procession as each pair of French and British regimental colours mount the stage, and more and more keen

lines of bayonets flash back the rays of the westering sun. Then comes the blue Artillery of both sides, their field guns briskly hauled up by men-of-warsmen. Then the two brigades of Bluejackets, with drawn cutlasses, and with the ensigns of their respective Navies borne aloft before them. The French Indians and the American Rangers bring up the rear of the armies of the Plains. Then, another few paces, and Carleton and Voyer appear at the head of the men of 1775. A few more still, and de Salaberry, Brock and Tecumseh lead on the men of 1812.

A hundred paces from the centre of the semi-circular auditorium Wolfe and Montcalm rein up. The head of the column inclines to its left and wheels to its right, so as to pass between them and the audience. Then the armies march past their great commanders with drums beating, bugles sounding and colours lowered in salute. Here, indeed, is a pageant of glorious war; with all its pride and pomp and circumstance! But more thrilling, more significant than all else is the call of the hero-blood across the centuries. None who then felt it stir their inmost soul can ever deny that the hour of some dread ordeal is the only one in which a man or nation is really made; and that, by our answer to this ancestral call, on the very ground from which it comes, we have gone far towards

exalting our own day above the catalogue of common things.

When the head of the column is well clear of the saluting base, it wheels twice to the right again, so as to pass back in rear of the Generals. And when enough troops have marched back this way to fill one line across the centre of the stage, they halt and turn to face the audience, are followed by the next line forming in rear of them, and so on, until, when the last line has taken post, the audience finds all the four armies drawn up in one solid body, with their Generals in front.

Then, as this formation becomes complete, all the participants in all the eight other scenes come thronging in on both flanks, to the inspiring strains of all the music and the pealing of all the bells. Just when these are also in position, they and all the armies burst out together into the swelling chorus

O CANADA!

And then—last touch of all in this most deeply moving scene—the whole great audience springs to its feet and, literally "with heart and voice," joins the living exponents of Canadian history in the one Anthem of all who stand by Crown and Empire—

GOD SAVE THE KING!

Appendix

Letter from Earl Grey to Sir George Garneau, Mayor of Quebec, dated August, 1908.

August, 1908.

My Dear Sir George,—

Now that the Tercentenary Celebrations are well and successfully over, I desire to convey to you and to your colleagues of the National Battlefields Commission, an expression of my heartfelt and most appreciative thanks for their individual and collective efforts to make the Quebec Tercentenary an occasion worthy not only of Quebec, but of Canada and the Crown.

I congratulate you upon the fact that the methods you and your colleagues have adopted for the celebration of the Tercentenary have not only focussed the attention of the civilized world on Canada and Quebec, but have been the happy means of acquainting many, to whom Canada had been hitherto little more than a name, with the greatness and culture of the Canadian people, and with the splendid services rendered to Christianity and civilization by the virtue and valour of their French ancestors.

I also desire to congratulate you more particularly on the fact that the methods you have adopted for the celebration of the Champlain Tercentenary, have helped to lessen the narrowing and evil influences of provincialism, and to draw the two great races of Canada, and the various parts of the Dominion and of the Empire closer to each other and to the Crown.

I would desire to convey an expression of my personal thanks to all who have assisted to bring about this high result. First and foremost to you and to the members of the Commission; and I would specially mention Mr. Byron Walker and Colonel Denison, who did not allow the distance from Toronto and the pressing call of other engagements to prevent them from giving a regular attendance to the numerous meetings of the Commission at Quebec.

It is pleasant to reflect on the large amount of voluntary, continuous, and enthusiastic service so ungrudgingly given to the Tercentenary by high-minded and public-spirited persons. In this respect the Prince of Wales himself provided the great example. In leaving England at the pleasantest season of the year in order that he might do honour to Canada on her 300th birthday, His Royal Highness not only realised the greatness of the occasion, but recognized its claim upon the homage of the Heir to the Throne, and of every other patriotic Briton.

I have already referred to the sacrifices so cheerfully made by yourself and the other mem-

bers of the Commission, in your desire to secure the success of the Tercentenary, and I desire also to refer with special gratitude to the help the Tercentenary received from Monsieur Chapais at a time when his assistance was of the greatest value.

I shall also be glad if you will convey, when a suitable occasion offers, an expression of my grateful thanks to His Grace the Archbishop of Quebec, Monseigneurs Mathieu and Laflamme of Laval University, and to the other Reverend and Right Reverend dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church, for their active co-operation and support.

I will also ask you to extend an expression of my thanks to the Joint Secretaries of the Commission; to Mr. Chouinard, whose Honour, which he was privileged to receive from H. M. The King at the hands of the Prince of Wales, reflects the recognition by the Crown of the service rendered by him in his capacity as Secretary of the Commission; and to Dr. Doughty, C.M.G., to whose disinterested enthusiasm in all matters connected with the Tercentenary and the history of Canada, we owe so much, and for the historic Souvenir of the Pageant which he prepared under the most difficult conditions; to Mr. Courtney, C.M.G., whose unwearying and jealous efforts to safeguard the funds of the Commission are entitled to recognition by everyone who has the interests of the Tercentenary at heart; and last, but not least, to Mr. Lascelles, by whose genius the glories of

French achievement in Canada have been revealed to an admiring and grateful people.

I further desire you to convey in such way as may seem good to you, a most grateful expression of my acknowledgments to the employers and merchants of Quebec for the assistance they gave to Mr. Lascelles by subordinating their private interests to their desire that their employees should have the necessary permission to take part in the Pageant; and I shall also be obliged if you will let the people of Quebec know how greatly I appreciate the way in which they all co-operated to make the Pageant and the other ceremonies of the Tercentenary week a national and historical success.

I remain,

Yours very truly,

GREY.

SIR GEORGE GARNEAU,

Quebec.

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